THE PACIFIC

A religious and family paper

Volume L. SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 7, 1901. Number 10.

I Will Not Doubt.

"I WILL not doubt, though all my ships at sea
Come drifting home, with broken masts and sails,
I will believe the hand which never fails,
From seeming evil, worketh good for me;
And, though I weep because those sails are tattered,
Still will I cry, while my best hopes lie shattered,
'I trust in thee.'

"I will not doubt, though all my prayers return
Unanswered from the still white realm above;
I will believe it is an all-wise love
Which has refused these things for which I yearn,
And though at times I cannot keep from grieving,
Yet the pure ardor of my fixed believing
Undimmed shall burn.

"I will not doubt, though sorrows fall like rain,
And troubles swarm like bees about the hive;
I will believe the heights for which I strive
Are only reached by anguish and by pain;
And though I groan and writhe beneath my crosses,
I yet shall see through my severest losses
The greater gain.

"I will not doubt. Well anchored in this faith,
Like some stanch ship, my soul braves every gale.
So strong its courage will not quail
To breast the mighty unknown sea of death.
O, may I cry, though body parts with spirit,
'I do not doubt,' so listening worlds may hear it
With my last breath."

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THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

"First pure, then peaceable . . . without partiality and without hypocrisy."

San Francisco, Cal. W. W. PERRIER, Editor. Thursday, March 7, 1901

Service.

"If any little word of mine can make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine can make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak that little word, and take my bit of singing
And drop it in some lonely vale to set the echoes ringing."

God does not expect great things of his children. Opportunities are usually for the smaller ministries. But in the aggregate, and in far-reaching influence, these count for much. It was only a little wayside ministry on the part of Jesus of Nazareth when he talked with the woman at the well in Samaria. But a little later many believed on him because of the saying of the woman who testified, "He told me all that ever I did."

When Verbeck of Japan lay "dead in his harness" all the land of the Mikado paid him tribute. Titled statesmen and nobles assembled to do him honor and the soldiers of the nation escorted his body to the tomb. The emperor paid the expenses of the funeral and Japanese pupils, friends and admirers reared a granite shaft over his grave. Why? Because Verbeck gave to Japan his best endeavor, and by his labors had contributed largely toward that which was making her a nation of exalted rank among the great nations of the world. Search the records of the ages and you will find no man crowned by any people who has not been a servant of that people. Washington and Lincoln stand first in the estimation of the American people because in service they are first. It was when Ben Adhem said, "Write me as one who loves his fellow-men," that his name led all the rest.

The words of Christ, "Go ye and disciple all nations," were not meant for those first disciples only. They were intended as the marching orders of every one of his followers in every age of the world. After tarrying in Jerusalem, according to their Master's orders, to be endued with power from on high, the disciples went forth as heralds of the cross, beginning a work which is to know no cessation until this world has been made in very truth Christ's world. Never has Christ called any one into his kingdom for the sake of that one alone. He says "Come" in order that he may also say "Go." With his first disciples it was a finding and a bringing. As soon as Andrew had found the Messiah he went out after his brother Simon Peter, to bring him into the blessed presence. Philip, conscious of the fact that Jesus had found him, went out after Nathaniel. It is a law of the Kingdom that the abundant eternal life comes only through service. He who has that life will be a servant. No one can be anything else and retain it.

"Have you found the heavenly light?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone.
Pass it on.
Hold thy lighted lamp an high,
Be a star in someone's sky,
Pass it on."

It is written of Enoch that "he walked with God, and was not, for God took him. This is the way a little boy once told the story to a playmate: "He used to take long walks with God; and one day he walked with him a long, long ways; and when evening came, God said, 'Enoch, we are far from your home, you had better come in now and stay with me.'" So, God says, finally, here and there, the world over, to those who walk with him, "You had better come in now and stay with me." When the summons came to Francis Willard, and she was just crossing the threshold of the heavenly home, her words were, "How beautiful to be with God!"

"I go to prepare a place for you," said Christ to the disciples at that time when he was moving toward his betrayal and death at Jerusalem. That place was to be in the Father's house— in the many mansions. Later there came to the apostolic seer a voice from the heavenlies saying: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain." This is the reward for faithful service. Here is life abundant. And whosoever will may have it. But is there no present reward? Yes. Some one once asked a Scotchman if he was on the way to heaven. His reply was: "Why, man, I live there; I am not on the way."

No one is fit for God's service who is looking for worldly honor. Worldly honor may come incidentally. It cannot be the aim of any true servant of God. Today, as of old, he who walks with God may be hated of the world. Men forget that worldly honor is fleeting, while that which comes down from above is enduring. God has said of the godly man. "I will honor him." That only is worth the seeking.

The Seventh of March Speech.

Fifty-one years ago today there was delivered in the United States Senate a speech which marked a crisis in the life of a great statesman, an epoch, perhaps, in our national history, and ministered largely in bringing on a few years later the conflict between the North and South for the preservation or destruction of the Union.

California, rapidly peopled by those who were desirous of profiting by the recent discovery of gold, was knocking for admission, and the question as to whether the Wilmot Proviso should be applied to the territory of New Mexico was pressing for speedy settlement. The new territory along by the Pacific, neglected by Congress, had met in Constitutional Convention and had framed a constitution forever prohibiting involuntary servitude within its borders. Up from the Southland there came increased murmurs of dissatisfaction over the situation. The friends of that great iniquity, slavery, felt that they were likely to be put more in the minority and their cherished institution endangered. Threats of secession were rife, and the hearts of men all over the land were troubled. At this juncture Henry Clay came forward with a great compromise measure, to which not a few turned with the hope that the seemingly imminent danger might again, for a time at least, be averted. Mr. Clay's compromise provided, among other things, for the admission of California with her free constitution, the organization of New Mexico into a territory without reference to slavery, a guaranty of the existence of slavery in the District of Columbia until Maryland should consent to its abolition—the slave trade, however, to be prohibited therein—and for more effectual provisions for the restitution of fugitive slaves.

The speech delivered by Daniel Webster in the United States Senate on the 7th of March, 1850, was in advocacy of these compromise measures. As usual, the compromise was highly advantageous to the South. The admission of California was certain without it, and the only concession to the North was the prohibition of the slave trade—not slavery—in the District of Columbia.

For many years Mr. Webster had strenuously opposed all such compromise. In 1819 as a citizen of Massachusetts he had, as one of a committee appointed at a public meeting, drawn up a memorial to Congress on the subject of the prohibition of slavery in the territories, which read: "We appeal to the justice and the wisdom of the national councils to prevent the further progress of a great and serious evil." From time to time for at least a dozen years thereafter, he spoke with great hostility to the iniquitous institution. In his famous Plymouth oration, speaking of the African slave trade, he said: "I hear the sound of the hammer; I see the smoke of the furnaces where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs. I see the visages of those who, by stealth and at midnight, labor in this work of hell—foul and dark as may become the artificers of such instruments of misery and torture. Let that spot be purified, or let it cease to be of New England. Let it be purified, or let it be set aside from the Christian world; let it be put out of the circle of human sympathies and human regards, and let civilized men henceforth have no communion with it."

In all the utterances of Mr. Webster up to 1835 it is impossible to find anything other than the most pronounced hostility to the extension of slavery. After that time he was somewhat guarded in his remarks and writings, but there was no reason for the belief that he had materially changed his views thereon. Accordingly, his seventh of March speech came as a surprise and a shock to the anti-slavery element of the entire country. Almost the whole North disapproved the speech, and it marked the end of a long and brilliant public career.

Under the influence of that speech the whole anti-slavery movement recoiled for a time; but its on-rushing movement was not long delayed; the triumph of the compromise measures emboldened the pro-slavery element, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise of 1820 was soon demanded and secured, and on the plains of Kansas and Nebraska began those mighty contests for possession and supremacy, between the anti-slavery and pro-slavery elements, which pushed the nation rapidly forward to the Civil war.

The present writer never thinks of the seventh of March without the mind going back to the fatal "Ides of March," when the blood of Caesar bathed the pedestal of Pompey's statue in the capitol at Rome as he fell pierced by three-and-twenty wounds. The fifteenth of March was a fatal day for Julius Caesar. The seventh of March was a fatal day for Daniel Webster.

In 1852 he sought again the nomination for the presidency, only to receive twenty-nine votes out of a total of two hundred and ninety-three, the large majority being cast for Mr. Fillmore and General Scott. The South had secured all it hoped for from him; it dared not trust him further and accordingly turned from him with ingratitude. Many of his old friends in the North were too sorely disappointed in him through that memorable speech to care for his elevation to the chief place in the nation, and so among his words during the last months of his life we find his own sad commentary on his career: "I have given my life to law and politics. Law is uncertain and politics are utterly vain."

In a letter written six months after the seventh of March speech Mr. Webster said that there had not been an hour since that day when he had not felt a crushing sense of anxiety and responsibility." Henry Cabot Lodge says in this connection: "He couples this with the declaration that his own part is acted and he is satisfied. But if his anxiety was solely of a public nature, why did it date from March 7th, when, prior to that time, there was much greater cause for alarm than afterwards. In everything he said or wrote he continually recurs to the slavery question, and always in a defensive tone, usually with a sneer or fling at the abolitionists and anti-slavery party. The spirit of unrest had seized him. He was disturbed and ill at ease. He never admitted it even to him-

self, but his mind was not at peace, and he could not conceal the fact. Posterity can see the evidences of it plainly enough, and a man of his intellect and fame knew that with posterity the final reckoning must be made."

And what is the judgment of posterity? It is certainly this, that for some reason he broke away from his past on that fateful day of March, and made one of the greatest mistakes that a statesman ever made. It may be, as James G. Blaine argues in his "Twenty years of Congress," that he believed the Union to be seriously endangered, that he saw before him a divided duty and "chose the part which in his patriotic judgment was demanded by the supreme danger of the hour." It may be, as others claim, that an overpowering ambition to ascend to the Presidency led him to attempt to appease the pro-slavery element even at the risk of passing into history as one who at the supreme moment of his life failed to stand heroically for what he knew to be right. We judged him thus three years ago in the columns of The Pacific. We are not quite sure today of the justice of that judgment. No one ever loved the American Union more fervidly than Daniel Webster. It may be that he felt that many were undervaluing it and that in their temerity they might destroy it, and that, inspired by the surroundings, he spoke as he did for its preservation. We know that in less than a decade thereafter the land was drenched in blood, and that for four long years it was not known whether the Union was to be saved or destroyed. When Mr. Webster spoke, a convention of slave-holding States had been called to meet in Nashville to consider the possible separation of the sections. And yet, in the very midst of all the agitation—only three weeks before the seventh of March—he wrote to a friend: "I do not partake in any degree in those apprehensions which you say some of our friends entertain of the dissolution of the Union or the breaking up of the government."

But whatever his motives for that speech—a speech which saddened the closing years of his life and clouded his name and fame—no one can trace his career and fail to find much in it for which the Republic should be grateful. It has been well said concerning his speech in 1830, in reply to Hayne, that it "was like an amendment to the Constitution," that it gave to the friends of the Union "the abundant logic which established the right and power of the government to preserve itself."

Henry Cabot Lodge, in his biography in the American Statesman series, says conecrning Webster's loyalty to the doctrine of nationality: "In his fidelity to this cause he never wavered nor faltered. From the first burst of boyish oratory to the sleepless nights at Marshfield, when, waiting for death, he looked through the window at the light which showed him the national flag fluttering from its staff, his first thought was of a united country. To his large nature the Union appealed powerfully by the mere sense of magnitude which it conveyed. The vision of future empire, the dream of the destiny of an unbroken union touched and kindled his imagination. He could hardly speak in public without an allusion to the grandeur of American nationality, and a fervent appeal to keep it sacred and intact. For fifty years, with reiteration ever more frequent, sometimes with rich elaboration, sometimes with brief and simple allusion, he poured this message into the ears of a listening people. His words passed into text-books, and became the first declamations of schoolboys. They were in every one's mouth. They sank into the hearts of the people, and became unconsciously a part of their life and daily thoughts. When the hour came, it was love for the Union and the sentiment of nationality which nerved the arm of the North, and sustained her courage. That love had been fostered, and that sentiment had been strengthened and vivified by the life and words of Webster. No one had done so much, or had so large a share in this momentous task."

And so, while people differ today in their opinions as to his motives in the seventh of March speech, there is no difference of opinion as to his worth in general to the nation; and forever will he hold high place in the estimate of this people.

Notes.

The Plymouth Herald, published weekly by the Plymouth Congregational church of Seattle, calls attention to The Pacific as a valuable paper and urges more of its readers to become personally interested in it. It is said of The Pacific that it represents Congregational interests on the Coast more fully than any Eastern paper can, and that the simultaneous reading of it by large numbers of the people would be a bond of union that cannot be broken.

The Twenty-fifth Annual Report of the California Chinese Mission is in circulation now in pamphlet form. One hundred and eleven persons are reported as having been added last year to the Congregational Association of Christian Chinese. This is the largest number during any year since the work was commenced. It makes the total number of conversions about 1850. The total number of pupils enrolled in the mission schools for the year 1900 was 1,454, a gain of 106 over the preceding year.

The Rev. R. B. Blyth of Belwood, Ontario, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Congregational church at Victoria, British Columbia. Mr. Blyth was educated at McGill College and at the Congregational College at Toronto. While in his senior year in the latter the South African war broke out, and he offered his services as chaplain. There being no opportunity for him as chaplain he enlisted as a gunner in one of the batteries, and served thus for a time and as corporal and acting paymaster-sergeant, until sent home on the sick list. Mr. Blyth comes to Victoria on the recommendation of the Rev. Dr. Georgé, President of the Congregational College at Montreal. The transformations wrought through him in a very difficult field in the East are an earnest of what will be accomplished in Victoria.

The Thirteenth Annual Report of the Woman's Home Missionary Union of Northern California has been published in attractive pamphlet form. The following from the words of greeting by the President, Mrs. E. S. Williams of Saratoga, will be of value far beyond the bounds

of this union: "It may seem of small value for us to regularly attend the missionary meeting and take some active part in its program, while also bringing our offerings into the treasury; but the aggregate value of years of such faithfulness counts for a great deal in the character of a church. Our work is, quietly at home, each in her own place, to hold up the hands of the visitors, teachers and missionaries who are all over our State, in the valleys and on the mountains, in the lumber and mining camps as well as in our cities, telling the old, old story of Christ's love for men. Read the 24th verse of the 30th chapter of I Samuel. That promise means as much now is it did then: as his share is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his share be that tarrieth by the stuff; they shall share alike. That promise makes our reward sure if we are faithful. Our work is to do all we can, and enthuse others to do as much or more."

Chronicle and Comment.

Maud Ballington Booth's experience as a worker for the reclamation of discharged prisoners leads her to the conclusion that a large majority of them can be reclaimed and transformed into useful citizens.

Kidnapers of children are to be hanged in Delaware. Other States are moving for the enactment of laws providing also for severe penalties. There is another measure likely to appear on the statute books of some States ere long. It is one for the emasculation of persons making such assaults on women as those for which several Negroes have been hanged and burned recently.

People who knew Starr King never tire of telling what he was in himself and what he did for California and the nation. A writer in the Christian Register says that men of most diverse creeds were united in calling him "the saint of the Pacific Coast." And a glance back over his career reveals appropriateness in affixing his name to one of the giant trees of the Mariposa and to a dome of the Yosemite.

The Secretaries of the International Sunday-school Convention are making a transcontinental tour. The members of the party are Mr. Marion Lawrence of Toledo, Ohio, General Secretary; Prof. H. M. Hamill, D.D., of Jacksonville, Ill., Field Secretary; Mrs. Hamill, D.D., a primary worker of much efficiency; Rev. B. W. Spilman of North Carolina, a Sunday-school specialist; and Prof. E. O. Excell, of national reputation as a musical writer and singer. Meetings will be held in San Diego, April 14th. April 16th to 18th they will be present at the State Convention in Los Angeles. April 21st they will be in San Francisco, and in Oakland April 22d. From April 23d to 25th they will be in attendance at the State Convention in Sacramento.

Last week a young man whose life a few years ago was a promising one entered on an indeterminate sentence of from two to fourteen years in an Eastern penitentiary. His sentence was for the forgery of a note of about one hundred dollars. That young man was a few years ago sought by the leading life insurance companies with the assurance of a salary of $9,000 a year. He had shown his worth as a solicitor, securing in 1893 one application for $100,000 and another for $65,000. Strong drink is said to have brought him where he is. Now that he has during his preliminary service in a county jail gotten some of the intoxicants out of his system and has commenced to come to himself, as the Prodigal did in his dire extremity, he hopes that when his sentence has been ended his system will be so entirely free from liquor that he can start anew and make a better record. This is but one of thousands of cases somewhat similar; and yet our people will continue, on the plea of personal liberty, to allow the saloon to ply its iniquitous traffic. The blow that has fallen on this young man of promise falls also on one who a few years ago became his wife with every prospect for a happy home. Let people who are criticising Mrs. Nation for her work in Kansas think on these things, and on these words from a recent sermon by Dr. Louis Albert Banks: "For centuries the most cruel pressure of the liquor traffic has fallen upon womanhood. No woman has been safe. No woman today is so hedged about by wealth or nurturing circumstances that she can say, with any just reason, 'The liquor traffic cannot reach my fortress; it cannot tear down the citadel of my happiness.' Women have been wooed by clear-minded, healthy-bodied, true-hearted young men, and have given them all of affection and service, have borne them children, only to find, at middle age, that the allurements of the licensed liquor-saloon has clouded the mind and debased the heart and deadened the affections of the husband and father. And at last, after twenty-five years of toil and devotion, bearing and enduring such horrors as only a drunkard's wife and the merciful God in heaven can know, she is turned out to face old age, a poor, broken, and wrecked piece of humanity. What do you think such a woman's feelings are about the liquor saloon? Do you wonder that she hates it? Oh, my God, no! I have no wonder of that sort; my only wonder is that there is a saloon left standing in America."

The Rev. Charles P. Bliss, for many years prominently identified with Congregational Educational work in the West, died at Longmeadow, Massachusetts, February 27th. When the New West Education Commission was organized in 1879 Mr. Bliss became its Secretary. In that work he achieved a remarkable success. The income of the Society, which in 1880 was $3,004.59, reached in 1893, $82,200.45. The number of pupils grew from 500 to 2,481. Altogether, $757,421.40 have been expended in Christian civilization in Utah and adjacent state; and a total of 32,842 pupils have been trained by devoted Christian teachers, often at tremendous cost from peril and hardship. Mr. Bliss was the directing and inspiring energy in this great work. His methods were marked by untiring zeal and unfaltering faith. He brought his young teachers from the West into New England churches, where they thrilled all hearts. His reports and papers, especially upon the philosophy of Christian education as the best lever for uplifting the people, were of marked ability. If the Mormon problem is ever solved aright, it will be largely because of the force, and certainly on the lines, of the thought of Mr. Bliss. He edited the New West Gleaner, and afterward Christian Education, where his letters to the young, under the name of "Uncle Felix," were as instructive, simple, vivid, bright, as his articles addressed to older minds were strong and convincing. The New West Education Commission merged into the American College and Education Society in 1893, and in 1894 the new union received the title, "The Congregational Education Society," which latter organization now carries on the comprehensive work. Mr. Bliss' widest activity ceased with this union, although he has still done work as editor, Western Secretary and collector of funds. His name is bound to stand out among the very foremost of those who have given themselves for the uplifting of the nation in this most consecrated, noble and effective work.

The Religious World.

Hawaiian people are not yet free from the superstition which leads to the practice of sorcery. What is called "the kahuna" is still with them and is credited now and then with a death. The Hawaiian Star says: "A late eminent Hawaiian is believed to have gone to his death in consequence of kahuna machinations. It was probably true. He was an earnest and active Christian, but that had not sufficiently emancipated this good man from inherited and deep-rooted proclivities to superstition, to enable him to withstand the insistent warnings and admonitions of his friends and associates added to those of the sorcerers. The writer has known a prominent and honored Hawaiian pastor to yield to the importunity of his family and employ a sorcerer in a futile effort to save the life of a sick relative. Next to social immorality, sorcery is doubtless a chief cause of the wasting away of this amiable Hawaiian race, both by direct influence and indirect influence. It is diametrically opposed to all rational care of health and to sanitation."

Some time ago we gave the readers of The Pacific some account of the Mexican Evangelical church, in which the Rev. D. F. Watkins is a leading factor. From recent correspondence we learn that this group of churches, for that is a good designation perhaps, held its first assembly at New Year's, 1801. There are now thirty-six churches and forty-two preachers and the contributions amounted to $25,000. The membership has reached 1,200. This body claims the name of a broad church. The local societies are independent, but are united for general Christian fellowship and service. No conditions are imposed for membership except those thought to be essential for the saving of the soul. "The people," says Mr. Watkins, "who have been complaining that the Mexicans were 'rice' Christians can say nothing of the sort about us; we believe and work for self-support even if it is a poor one." They publish a small monthly paper and hope soon to publish twice a month. Aid is not received from any denominational source in the United States and thus it is thought avoids the criticism made in Mexico that the Missionary Societies in the United States are working to absorb the Republic.

In a recent sermon to the graduating class of the Spokane, Washington, high school, the Rev. Dr. George R. Wallace, pastor of the Westminster Congregational church, spoke of a conscience as being intended primarily as a projective power—to project life toward ideal conditions. He said in this connection: "Take some of the world's most dismal failures and we find them endowed with golden conceptions, and many with brilliant intellectuality. Byron and Goethe, Napoleon and Nero, Rousseau and Aaron Burr belong to this class. Contrast these with some of earth's immortally glorified souls —Chrysostom and Savonarola, Cromwell and Pym, Washington and Lincoln; what makes the difference? Simply conscience. In these latter lives golden ideals were linked with golden convictions. Brain and conscience were equally and symmetrically related, hence the perfection of their manhood. Smartness must be linked with goodness or life become a tragic failure. To many the words might be uttered which thrilled Jean Valjean with horror in his dream. 'Do you know you have been dead a long time? Your body lives, but you died when you slew your conscience.' Conscience may become simply what Milton calls 'the hell within.' It ought to be the impelling power of a noble life."

At noon each day of six days of the week, while the great business world goes rumbling on without, about three hundred people gather together in old Trinity church, New York, for prayer, at the call of the chimes in the church tower. "There are men," says the Herald, "who have paused in the manipulation of interests involving millions; lawyers, who have left their briefs and wear a preoccupied air; staid and elderly bookkeepers and clerks and their younger subordinates; typewriters, who come in quickly and go through the service with the quick, nervous motions acquired at their work; young men of St. Andrew's Brotherhood, who respond in firm, even tones, and see that those about them have service cards; lads and girls, who are at the Sunday-school stage of religion and who cheerfully give up part of their lunch hour for a church service; women, young and old, from all parts of the city, who have the leisure and the inclination to make church-going a sort of religious dissipation; clergymen, who regard old Trinity as a shrine and seek pulpit inspirations in its week-day services; white-haired and venerable men of a past generation in business life, who, tottering to the goal post of life, turn their faces, from remote parts of the city, it may be, to the church in which they have worshiped for half a century."

People sometimes think that they do not have much, if any, time to give to religion—to the culture of the spiritual nature. In a recent sermon the Rev. Dr. Temple of Plymouth church, Seattle, gave attention to such persons as follows: "When a man tells me he hasn't time to attend to religion, I don't like to tell him that I do not believe him; but I am obliged to tell him that he does not really believe his own statement, and I suppose that doesn't make the matter much better. I know that every successful man has to work hard. The hands must be calloused by continuous labor, the back must often ache under stooping toil, and the brain must sometimes weary of incessant planning, if there is going to be anything to show for it all. While there are few farmers who get crazy from over-anxiety or blow their brains out to escape their troubles, there are none of them, if they get up with the sun in the morning and keep as steadily to their course as he does through the day, that are not glad enough to be to bed with him at night. So it is in every vocation. Let the merchant give to his business the attention it needs, in these driving days, for success and he will feel that he has done almost as much as should be required of him from day to day. And yet there is not one of you but keeps himself posted in all that goes on about him, and to a certain extent in the world at large. You know the latest change in public opinion, the newest phase of national politics, the latest word from Washington City, and the very latest piece of gossip that has gone flying like a germ of pestilence through the town." Dr. Temple's words applied especially to unconverted persons; but they are applicable also to those who neglect those privileges which afford growth in the Christian life.

The Religious Telescope calls attention to the general expectation in the Christian church that in the closing years of the nineteenth century great events would transpire, and asks whether such events have transpired. "Some said it would be the second coming of Christ; some, that it would be the sudden ushering in of the millennium; some, that it would be the end of the world; and some, that it would be a general revolution among nations, accompanied with great wars—the great battle of Armageddon (see Rev. xvi: 16 and xix: 17-20). These men reached their conclusions through the study of prophecies found in the Book of Daniel and the Book of Revelation; and, by different methods of calculation,

settled down in the general conviction that, during the years 1897-1900, events would transpire which would have a very marked, permanent effect for good upon the future political, social, and religious condition of the world. They differed as to the character of the events, but all agreed that the result would be a great triumph for Christ's kingdom of righteousness. The question now is, Has their prophecy or expectation been fulfilled? Have events transpired within the last three years which, in the aggregate, amount to a great triumph for the kingdom of Christ on earth?" The Telescope expresses the confident belief that such has been the case. The war with Spain is said to have broken a stronghold of popery by the weakening of the Spanish government, which was its strong arm. "Spain has an open Bible, and religious freedom is guaranteed. The breaking of the power of Spain in the political world virtually breaks the power of popery in the religious world, and the effect must be marvelous, not only in Spain, but in Italy, in Austro-Hungary, in the Central and South American States, and in every other country hitherto dominated by the Roman Catholic hierarchy." Other great events mentioned are the war in South Africa and the mighty upheaval in China. No matter what the causes and where the justice, the results must be the throwing open of those countries to Christian influences and civilization. The Peace Congress at The Hague and the Ecumenical Conference of Missions are cited also as events in fulfillment of the prophecy.

The Bystander.

A Discourse on Cranks.

Among the numerous types evolved from modern social and industrial conditions is the crank. He pops up when you least expect him, says the right thing at the wrong time, and thinks of but one thing at a time. The Bystander is convinced that the people who are mildly insane are numerous. Churches are especially the targets of these troublesome people, who are often deeply interested in religious matters. They are inspired with a "mission" or a "message," and frequently have a "solution" of some perplexing problem. They hover around reforms like moths around a lamp, are always planning and never executing, always dreaming and never realizing. They belong to the genus crank and are like a cake unturned—baked on one side. They write letters . The Bystander once kept samples of these letters which came to him, and they all showed a disordered brain. Usually they are anonymous. A letter without a name and address should go into the waste basket without being read. No man's opinion is worth anything if the author is afraid to sign his name. Sometimes these letters are abusive in the extreme. The Bystander has recently figured in a reform bill in the Legislature which has made him appear in situations at once embarrassing and ridiculous. The crank at the bottom of it has used his name in pushing the bill through and written to the papers, and has flitted back and forth in the movement with the mystery of a spirit. Just what would happen if the Bystander met this mysterious and intangible individual can hardly be imagined.

Next to the duty of not being a crank is to escape those who are.

The Pulpit as a Bulletin Board.

Mr. Edward Bok, editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, writes a word about the misuse of the pulpit. He criticises the tendency to use the pulpit as an advertising medium. The Bystander has drawn attention to this before. It may do no harm to allude to it once more. Mr. Bok says: "It is a bit disturbing when a minister announces that a fair will be held on such or such a day, or that a strawberry festival has been arranged for a certain evening, and then, with the added jocose remark, the pastor urges the congregation's presence. Picnics are announced, notices are given of secular lectures, events in the neighborhood and in other churches, until some clear minded people wonder whether their minister is not being 'used' for advertising purposes."

Every thoughtful pastor recognizes the nuisance of such a custom, and how detrimental it is to the spiritual interests of the church.

But there is another and larger way in which the pastor may be "used" by people who look upon the pulpit as some regard a great flat rock, where the latest patent medicine may be advertised with letters six feet high. It is the tendency to get before the congregation and advertise all sorts of things. The Bystander has been asked to do about everything through his congregation, from purchasing a house for a Missouri beggar to denouncing a certain book by a young author in order to "advertise" it and make it sell.

Even those interested in the success of theatrical plays solicit criticism or praise in order to draw attention.

The pulpit was never intended to sell strawberries or books, or to introduce measures of reform. Its purpose is spiritual, definite, sacred. The printed calendar used in some churches is quite sufficient, or ought to be, to bring legitimate events before the people. But what is the pastor going to do, if during the singing of "Rock of Ages," the sexton brings up a belated notice that baked beans and brown bread are requested at the next church social, and that one of the attractions will be a whistling solo by John Smith?

"If the occasion merits patronage it will receive it without an advertisement from the pulpit. The minister should not be turned into an advertisement medium under any pretext whatever. Nor should the pulpit be dragged from its high place and its lofty purpose. It is not a bulletin board."

Church Choirs.

Walter Damrosch, in a talk the other day before some society in Chicago, declared against quartets in church choirs, saying that he favored a chorus choir. Rev. Dr. Dewey, successor to Dr. Storrs in the church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, has succeeded in dismissing his high-salaried singers and is trying to introduce simpler singing in which the congregation may join.

The American congregations do not sing as well as their cousins in England and this is due in part to the tendency we have of shifting the responsibility to a paid choir, who seem to worship for us at so much a year.

The grandest music comes from a worshipful congregation, led by a competent leader or choir. It has often been a matter of surprise that the plain children of the Puritans should have emphasized the salaried side of music to the degree they have. But there is another side to the question. The paid quartet is sometimes a defense against the voluntary music which requires an extraordinary amount of grace to tolerate. Poor music is worse than none at all. If we can only have the worst at no price, let us have the best at a high price. In the meantime, let the people learn to sing. Walter Damrosch is quite right in saying that the individuality of church singers should be kept in the background.

Nature has given to men one tongue, but two ears, that we may hear from others twice as much as we speak.—Epictetus.

The Potter and the Clay.

BY REV. GEORGE C. ADAMS, D.D.

[A sermon preached in the First Congregational church, San Francisco, Sunday, January 27th, 1901.]

Romans ix: 21—"Hath not the potter a right over the clay, from the same lump to make one part a vessel unto honor and another unto dishonor?"

This is difficult passage, in a hard chapter. One may be excused if he makes mistakes in its interpretation. But in these days we would rather err on the side of mercy than on that of harshness. It is a chapter of selections and preferences. That statement about the twins is a cause of stumbling; before they were born God says, "Jacob I loved, but Esau I hated." We cannot single out the divine and human influences and say whether Esau had any chance or not; we can only say that from our knowledge of the two boys we cannot blame God. Esau seems to have done pretty much as he pleased all his life; there is no evidence that he was ever under any restraint, human or divine; but Jacob drove a hard bargain with him; well, did you never drive a hard bargain? Esau came in from his wanderings, tired and hungry; threw himself down and cried that he was dead with hunger; Jacob's pottage smelled good to him; but was it worth his birthright? He thought it was. Which would you rather be, the easy-going, careless fellow that thinks his right in his father's house is not worth more than a bowl of soup, or the careful fellow, who sees his chance and uses it? Ye business men, who are going out tomorrow to drive bargains that will draw blood; ye who will sit down calmly and reason with a man until he has made concession after concession, and then make your ultimatum such that there is not a living per cent left for him—do you criticise Jacob? Take them all in all the divine judgment was right; and all thoughtful humanity is saying with God, "Jacob I loved, but Esau I hated." This election is based on sound principles; God chose the right man. So we go on to Pharoah and Moses; here we are again, looking at a divine selection; was God unjust to Pharoah? The language is pretty strong: "He hath mercy on whom he will, and whom he will be hardeneth." That sounds like partiality; but how about the fact that Pharoah had the same chance that Moses had? All the influences in Pharoah's palace that were about Moses were also about Pharoah; one softened under them and the other hardened; look at it in any light we will, we can make nothing out of Pharoah but an unreliable, pettish, lying monarch; three times he promised to let the people go, and then turned and forbade it. And at the end he drove them out and then sent his horsemen and chariots after them to destroy them; you and I hate such men as that; the only trouble we find is the divine election in the story. So we stumble on till we come to the potter at work with his clay: we had better stop and interview him; he may shed light.

He has his foot on the wheel, and by a skillful motion keeps it revolving with little apparent effort; on the table at the top is a lump of wet clay; it is nothing but mud, mixed as he knows how to mix it. He keeps the wheel going, and shapes the pile into a round heap, sticks his thumb in the center, and draws the mass out more and more; then with deftly moving hands he shapes it up into what he wants it to be. When he has finished he moves it carefully away, takes another lump from the same piece of clay, and shapes that into something else, perhaps totally different from the first; he has a right to make out of the same lump very different kinds of vessels for many uses. At one time he has nearly finished his work, when a hard place appears, or some unfortunate motion gives a wrong shape, and he cannot get it back into what he had intended it to be; with a quick motion he crushes it down into a lump again, begins all over, and makes another kind of vessel from what he had at first intended; he is guided in all his motions by the quality of the clay, and the way it shapes up under his touch. One thing we look for in vain—he never makes a vessel for the sake of breaking it and throwing it away; he can not afford to; it is his living; his pride is involved; he will not spoil anything if he can help it; he is not going to make one vessel to honor in the sense that he will keep it, and another to dishonor in the sense that he will destroy it. So there is not one word about the potter that means that God has created some for the purpose of salvation and others for the purpose of damnation; the potter never did, and God never did. We want to know what it means, so we go to an art store and look over the shelves; there is an elegant vase, of lovely shape, decorated with all the skill of the artist; what is its price?—five hundred dollars; strange that such a price should be put on a bit of clay; certainly it is a vessel made unto honor; it will adorn a parlor or some art room and stand in a prominent place. Now we go to a crockery store, and on the shelf is an unattractive brown dish, glazed within and finished with no attention to style; its price is two bits; its place is on the kitchen stove or in the pantry; it is a vesesl made unto dishonor, or, in other words, for comon uses; and the vase and the dish were both made out of the same piece of clay. The potter has the right to make of the same lump of clay one vessel to honor and another to dishonor; we cannot question his right; so has God the right to make one to be a Jacob, frugal, industrious, calculating, and another to be an Esau, foolish, happy-go-lucky, a wandering Arab. So has He the right to make Moses and Pharoah, one to be a leader of his people and the other to be king over Eygpt; one for uses that show all the refinement of the touch of the Almighty, and the other of coarser mould, for plainer uses; but each will follow his own will, and each will choose for himself. Israel will be selected for a great task, and Egypt will be allowed to become a waste; each can glorify God if it will. Peter and Judas have the same election; each has a chance to fill an important place near the Master; Peter will be the more refined, made for more honorable uses; Judas will be for a less honorable place; and being less honorable in station it may be easier for him to fall; but the Master says, "It must needs be that offenses come, but woe unto him by whom the offence cometh." Judas falls, but he does not have to fall; it is his own free choice; the only way we can accuse God in these matters is if we go away back of what we know, and say that God had no right to make such people when he knew they would exercise their choice in the wrong way, and here we are beyond our depth; let us stick to the potter and his lump of clay; we shall be more wise about the rest when we get up yonder.

I. *The Power of the Potter.* It is not said that he makes the clay; if he ever did the passage does not go back so far as that; perhaps it contains a suggestion of help to the scientist who claims that matter has always been, and this dispensation is only another arrangement of the particles; but it was not written for that purpose; nevertheless, it has a certain justification of God in his acts; he never varies from divine laws; he does not violate heredity; he takes the clay as he finds it and moulds it into shape that in his judgment it is best fitted for. If we find fault because we are as we are he replies, "You are what I had to make you, with resemblance to your father and mother, and traces of family traits that reach back for many generations. The clay was of a certain texture, and best fitted to use as I have used it"; and the clay cannot reasonably talk back to the potter. We had begun to blame him because we were born with a tendency to consumption or drunkenness or murder; and the answer comes back promptly, "It was all in the clay." And God is not evading responsibility by this answer; he is so using the clay that as the time passes better results are seen. One of the peculiar facts about God is that he so limits himself that he does not make continually new creations, but improves the old creations. The blessed fact about Jesus is that he takes humanity just as it is, and undertakes to redeem it; we would invent another flood, or burn every one up, and try it over again and because we would we think that he would; but he does not; the next verse after the text shows it; we may have to translate it a little differently, but how beautiful it becomes when we know its meaning: "What if God, though willing to show his wrath, and to make known his ability, carried in much long suffering instruments (or weapons) of wrath, fitted to destroy, in order to show mercy toward instruments of mercy, which he had prepared before to glorify him." What if God, with weapons in his hand, ready to destroy Egypt, yet withheld his destruction in order to get Israel out in such a way that they could be made a means of blessing to all the earth; that is a beautiful conception, and worthy of God. What if God, impatient at Esau's carelessness and utter want of principle, yet withheld his anger, that he might be the means of making Jacob what he was capable of becoming. He has in every instance used the clay, making of it what could be made; out of the same lump one who could become one of earth's noblemen, and another who would never become anything but a sheik of the desert; but nobleman and sheik can each glorify God if he will, and each can find his own salvation if he will.

The potter finds differences in the clay; to us all clay is alike; in our ignorance we supposed that clay was clay, and that was all; but as many differences exist in clay as in anything else. We blame the potter because he does not work miracles with the clay, but we find him working patiently at his wheel, shaping this mass into one form and that into another, and as we watch we are impressed with the fact of the beautiful adaptability of it all, and the other fact that he has made out of the clay the very best use of which it was capable. There are two varieties of clay so different that they give the potter an opportunity to show his skill, and produce results that would

be impossible if these did not exist. There are oily and dry clays; the first yields more readily to pressure, and can be made into any form the potter desires without trouble; but it shrinks a good deal in the burning, and sometimes loses its beautiful shape before it is done; we had not thought of this, nor realized that those who are most easily adapted sometimes lack persistent qualities, and need something else to make them what they ought to be. On the other hand the dry clay is harder to mold, keeps its form better, burns readily, but so rapidly that it often cracks, and so is spoiled in the process. The wise potter mixes these two, and gets a clay that is worked satisfactorily and burns well. Here is a thought for the good people who are going to have everything done by rule, and legislate all that do not come up to a certain standard out of the universe. The great Potter, while we suppose him careless of types, is mixing, and overturning, balancing the lack of one with the surplus of another, and with surprising results.

The author of "The Bonnie Brier Bush" has caught this thought; his description of Domsie's visit to Drumsheugh in the first chapter brings it all before us; Marget Hoo is a woman of fine character and great ability, but Drumsheugh says with disgust, "There's naething in Whinnie but what the spune puts in." Why will such women marry such men? If we had our way would we not regulate such matters? We would mingle only families that promised the best, and what a race of human beings we would raise; soon they would be little short of divine! But the great Potter knows better, and the strong continue to fall in love with the weak, and the learned and able with the ignorant and incapable. And the grand result is the final elevation of the whole human race, instead of of only a few families as we would have; the Potter is overturning and overturning, and mixing entirely contrary to our ideas; and Geordie Hoo is a scholar, the pride of Drumtochty, and bids fair to make his mark in the great world without. So we blunder on, and talk of keeping the race of pure blood, and forget that the mixed races of earth are the strong ones and those that have never mingled are weak; the glory of the Anglo-Saxon is from the fact that he is Angle and Saxon and Norman and everything else that had any enterprise in that early day. The strength of the Hebrew comes from the mixture away back in Ur of the Chaldees, in Egypt, in Palestine; Abraham and Isaac and Jacob have in them the best blood of the races that preceded them, and their descendants have simply kept and increased it. We do not yet know what the American race is to be; but we do know that the best blood of Puritan and Pilgrim and Huguenot and Dutchman and German and Scandinavian have gone into it, and the great Potter is mixing yet, in spite of our selfish legislation to the contrary. In spite of our newly acquired knowledge of heredity and environment and all those other things that can only be expressed in long terms of Latin derivation, the large families are usually among the people who know nothing of these matters, and the refined and educated and those most fitted to carry out our thought of a strong race are wholly or nearly childless. After all we are but clay in the hands of the potter, and not unwisdom but divine wisdom has to do with all these things. He is making a race, where we would make a few individuals. He is developing a true sociology, while we are ignorantly talking about it.

II. *The Soft Clay.* The apparently arbitrary power of the Potter of which we have been speaking has a divine reason behinds it. These selections are for a purpose, deep and eternal. Esau was very much like all the people about him; Jacob was selected to be something better than the average; Pharoah was a fair sample of the monarchs of his day; Moses was chosen to be better than his time. Each one of the divine elections appears to mean that out of the mass of clay the Potter has succeeded in making one vessel of so fine a texture that all the world sees and admires it, and it becomes an inspiration and an ideal. Now and then among the creations of God there is a piece of such clay as can be fitted to adorn the divine art rooms, and even the angel's rejoice at the sight. Eighty-six years ago, in a little village in Italy, a babe was born; he was an innkeeper's child and not different from all the other babes of the hamlet; he gave no signs of being other than those about him, until he had grown a little; except for what seemed at the time an accident he might have been an innkeeper like his father; but an unknown organist discovered that he loved music and had an ear for it; he began to train him with great enthusiasm for his art; the lad appreciated what was done for him; fortunately his father was capable of enjoying music, and did not think the son's life was being thrown away. So, when he was eleven years old, he began to play an organ in a church, and all the children he knew listened; the clay was responding to the shaping hand of God, and the divine inspiration in the soul of the boy was making him something other than the common herd about. Why was he different? Why did he not learn to tend the bar at the inn, or guide people over the hills, or handle a shovel and care for the vineyard as other lads were doing? And the only answer we get is simply this: "Hath not the potter a right over the clay, from the same lump to make one part a vessel unto honor and another unto dishonor?" Hath he not the right, out of the same Italian hamlet, to make one with the soul of music and another with no faculty within but what could be expressed by the shovel and the pruning knife? Here is divine election, as well defined as was that of Jacob or Moses; and we never complain over the election of Guiseppe Verdi; we find no fault because when the clay was soft and pliable the Potter gave it a shape better than had any of its fellow-lumps; we are not made infidels by the work of that humble organist down in Italy; nor are we skeptical because in the same family and under the same influences were boys that called Verdi a lazy lout, and thought him a useless ornament to the society of the village. We never hear the "Miserere" in "Il Trovatore" without thanking God that he had the power to make a vessel unto honor. We never listen to Aida without being firm believers in the doctrine of election.

Dr. Thomson, in "The Land and the Book," says that when he had a chance to watch an eastern potter, he waited long to see the process that is so vividly described by Jeremiah —that of changing the use for which he had destined a lump of clay. "I had to wait a long time for that, but it happened at last. From some defect in the clay, or because he had taken too little, the potter suddenly changed his mind, crushed his growing jar instantly into a shapeless mass of mud, and beginning anew, fashioned it into a totally different vessel." And Jeremiah dares to say that God can change his mind! Listen to him: God says, "At what instant I shall speak concerning a nation, and concerning a kingdom, to pluck up and to pull down and to destroy it; if that nation against whom I have pronounced turn from their evil, I will repent of the evil that I thought to do unto them. And at what instant I shall speak concerning a nation and concerning a kingdom, to build and to plant it; if it do evil in my sight, that it obey not my voice, then I will repent of the good wherewith I said I would benefit them." Jeremiah was sent down to the potter's house to learn that God will be guided in the formation of races by the condition and workability of the clay. Would that God had sent some of our theologians down to the potter's house before they had wrought out their little systems and fixed it in our minds that God can never change a purpose; he says he can and will. We do not know what he would have made of Esau, if Esau had been willing; we cannot tell the alternative plan of Pharoah, if that old Egyptian had kept his word, and dealt honestly, and stuck to it when he said he had sinned; he backslid the next morning when the plague was removed, and God tried him with another plague, until to save his life he made the people go, and then he tried to kill them; he was a vessel for dishonor, that is, for very common uses, of coarse texture and not refined shape, but when his life was under the influences that shaped it he had as good a chance as Moses had to make his life useful in the sphere in which God had put him and he did not. We wonder what Judas would have been if he had not hardened his heart against his Master. There is one break in the line of apostles; there is no record of one of them who brought and consecrated business ability, and used it for Jesus' sake; that Judas had it we cannot doubt, for the other disciples would not have elected him treasurer otherwise; but he fell and went "to his own place," the one for which he had been industriously fitting himself. In the light of Jeremiah's experience we can have no doubt that God dealt with him according to his own acts. The teaching of Scripture lays the burden on each one's will. They who are condemned at the judgment are judged simply on the ground of what they might have done and did not, and the verdict is: "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared (not for you, but) for the devil and his angels." The man who persists in going to perdition does so against God's will, and thrusts himself in where he was not intended to go. God has shaped the soft and yielding clay, not only according to his own judgment and will, but, since in this instance the clay has a will of its own, he has been compelled to let it take the shape and purpose of its own choice and has governed himself accordingly.

III. *The Finished Vessel.* When the potter has finished his work on the wheel it is sent to the oven to be baked, that its form may be permanent. It may be beautifully decorated by the artist, or simply glazed within, according to the purpose for which it is intended; the "Man With the Hoe" can not change; he has suffered himself to be wrought into a shape that persists; he is more than the victim of circumstances; he is the victim of his own failure to use the best, and make the most of himself; but he is baked clay, and he will keep his form and character. He could have been under any circumstances

only a vessel for common use, but he could have been an exceedingly useful one, nevertheless. All around us are those whose place and character are fixed. We used to say that occurred at death; we know better now. Many become fixed early in life, and no persuasion will ever alter their purpose or character. Some go out of this life in a condition that makes us pray and wonder if it may not yet be possible that the vessel has not gotten its final form. We do not know; we can only wait and hope. The potter tells us there is only one way in which the vessel once formed and baked can be changed; it may be crushed, and its finely ground dust may be used to temper other clay. That means the Cross; it means Gethsemane and Calvary, and the borrowed tomb. It brings to our mind the Savior's promise: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto myself." Blessed possibility! That broken vessel is to enter into and temper all the world's life, and in time it is to be a better world, and all nations are to be lifted out of the common clay of their existence. Where before there have been occasional vessels made for honor, or for selected use, now there will be a constantly increasing number of lovely characters, beautiful lives, fitted for high and holy purposes, and blest of God.

But that which was possible for the Son of God is possible also for us; our highest honor is in being used for the benefit of others; we see something of the reason of our afflictions; we know not why many of our choicest hopes have miscarried; we have been crushed, in order that the Potter might put us to higher uses than we could ever have been fitted for. The mother, whose life has become a treadmill, whose piano has not for years felt the touch of her hands, whose books have been laid away only half read, because her daily duties were so insistent, sees her life reproduced and magnified in the life of her children. Marget Hoo keeps on painfully at her daily task, but her own little life could never have been of the service to the world that it will be mingled in the life of Geordie, the boy whom she has destined for the ministry; and then, just as the grandest hope of her life has been realized, the boy weakens and dies, the vase is crushed, but dozens of lives are more tender, and the love of Christ has found entrance to many hearts; the boy has slain more in his death than he might have slain had he lived. So each generation is by its sacrifices enriching the next; each life is made perfect only through sufferings, and even as it seems to reach perfection it is kroken and crushed, in order that it may reach its highest and noblest use.

We will come back from the potter's house, and stand again with Paul, and see his argument; it is more simple now, and we find that he is sorrowfully telling his own people the truth about themselves. How God chose them to be his vessels for honorable use; how they had abandoned him, and in their self righteousness have tried to use his gift only for selfish purposes; how he has ground and crushed them, to make them of some further use; how a remnant can still be saved; and then, grandest thought of all, how their sacrifice, unwilling though it has been, means the opportunity of the Gentiles! God, as the divine Potter, had the right to make Jews for honorable uses in his kingdom, and Gentiles for common uses; but the vessels intended for honorable nse have proved unworthy, and those meant for common use have proved adaptable; Jews have failed to recognize their Messiah, because they sought him wrongly, and Gentiles, not seeing him at all, have found him whom they sought not, and have willingly become his disciples.

He fails to grasp the meaning of the Scriptures who does not see in Israel a type of his own life; let the critics settle the meaning of words and phrases, but we can read the spiritual teaching as well as they; we see our weak origin, our call to life's work, our journeys into Egyqt, our wanderings in the wilderness, our conquest of the promised land, and our attaining a place in the world that is distinctly our own; we read our sins in theirs, we see our repentance and our broken vows; there is not an experience of that nation that does not fit our individual lives. Shall the greatest purpose of all in our creation be lost as theirs was? Shall we come within the presence of the Messiah, and fail to recognize him? Shall we be so proud of the fact that we were created for honorable uses, that we have more money, higher birth, better opportunities than those about us—shall such a pride keep us from our highest destiny? Or shall the spirit of him who gave his life that others might be blest take possession of us? Shall we let the Master fit us for his use, or must he crush us, as worthless vessels, whose influence for the good of the world can only be had by mercilessly disappointing us, and making us mingle ourselves with the world we affect to despise?

Foreign missions act on home missions not by exhaustion, but by fermentation.—Thomas Chalmers, D.D.

Unconverted Preachers.

By Joseph Rowell.

A well-known writer says, "There were never in the history of the church so many unconverted men in our pulpits as now."

And in the same article he adds, "At no other time in the life of the church have there been in our pulpits so many thoroughly consecrated men as now." So he is no pessimist, nor are his positions contradictory.

I feel moved to record a few things from my own observation about unconverted ministers. There are, at least two classes of them. Of one of these there is no need to say very much. They have chosen the ministry simply as an easy and respectable way of getting a living. All of us have seen men of this class; and some of them I have watched through the experience of many years. In all their educational course they were unspiritual in their lives, and never willing to engage in any spiritual work that required self-sacrifice. In the seminary they cultivated oratory and the ornamentals, and cared little for the deep things of truth and God; and they watched out anxiously for vacant pulpits with large salaries and small work. One of them, while in college, said to me, "I mean to be an Episcopal preacher, for then I can skin (steal) all my sermons and read all the prayers." Here, in California, a young preacher came to my study, saying, "I have my choice of two churches—S. and R.; which shall I take?" R. was a rough lumber town and S. a quiet residence village. I replied, "If you wish to go where you can do the most good, choose R., but if you want a nice, quiet time for yourself, go to S." He went to S., but he did not stay there very long. The people soon learned to read him; he engaged in some questionable business affair and had to leave. He preached Universalism for a while and then engaged in secular business. This class of preachers very rarely have long pastorates. The exceptions are men of brilliant parts who can, after a fashion, satisfy unspiritual churches, for a longer time.

But the other class of unconverted preachers are in a position and have an experience that seems to me most pathetic. They are honest men, who believe that they have been called of God to this work and really desire to do all their duty to God and men, but who have very little joy or satisfaction in their ministry. They are constantly oppressed with a painful sense of unfitness for their work and of unfruitfulness in it.

Most of these were swept into the church in a time of religious excitement, being taught and believing themselves Christians because they were resolved "to live a Christian life," and not knowing any better, never afterwards seriously doubted the genuineness of their conversion. Having some talent, they were persuaded by pastors and friends to study for the ministry. Through all their educational course they were conscientious, and maintained a fair reputation for piety, although their more spiritual companions often regretted their lack of spirituality and knowledge of the deep things of God. Yet, no one questioned their sincerity, or discovered the fact that they had never been born "of the Spirit."

And now they are shepherds of Christ's flock. But what can they do? They cannot show their people the dreadful depths of personal sinfulness, for they have never been led by the Spirit to sound those depths. They can talk, parrot-like, of Christ's atoning sacrifice, and the forgiveness of sins, but they cannot lead inquiring souls to the Cross of Christ, for they have never been there for themselves. The "fountain opened for sin and

uncleanness" is to them a sweet fable, like a story in the Arabian Nights. The cleansing of the blood of Christ they know nothing of, and cannot preach it. They can inculcate morality, virtuous living, civil, social and family righteousness, philanthropy and nobility of life, for they know something about these; but no anxious sinner ever learns from their lips that salvation comes through personal faith in Christ. Not often, indeed, do such persons ask their aid, for there is nothing in their preaching to invite such confidence. Thoughtful sinners, and certainly anxious sinners, seek a very different class of instructors.

And the results of their labors are very unsatisfactory to themselves and to earnest Christians. They prepare and preach good sermons, as the word goes, and they receive much praise for them from worldly minded people; but they are painfully conscious that their preaching is without spiritual power. They know, too, that those members of their churches whose walk is close with God are not satisfied with their preaching, and that their prayers for them are tinged with sadness. The machinery of their church works well, and their membership increases; but their new members are either strangers who unite by letter, or those who come in without any experience of repentance and forgiveness of sins, and who are worthless as Christian workers. If there are any genuine converts among them, they know well that they were not made such by their preaching or personal influence.

And their ministry is far from being satisfactory to themselves. They know that there is something wrong about it, but what it is they do not clearly know. They spend many sad hours in the study (they can hardly be said to have a closet), and often cry to God for help, with but a dim vision of what they really need. There is often in their hearts a half-formed wish to be out of the ministry, but they cannot well consent to abandon it; but if some professorship or secretaryship offers, they gladly accept it.

And now, what can such ministers do? There is an illiterate woman in my church, whose "experiences" have helped many to be better Christians, who sometimes talks thus: "The devil often tells me, 'You are no Christian and never were.' And then I say, 'Well, old Satan, you are a liar and always was one, and I will not believe a word you say. But to make all sure, if I have never been a Christian before, I'll be one now. I'll go to Christ right now for salvation.' And when I tell him this, he lets me alone." Now, is there not here wisdom for these unconverted preachers? What ought they to do but "repent and do the first works"? Let them begin at the beginning and all else that is needful will follow. If they cannot have God's peace in their study, let them visit some "mission." whose humble and earnest Christians tell of their experience of the joys of Christ's salvation, and bow with them in earnest prayer for pardon and cleansing. But no matter where or how, if they can only lie on their face before the holy and sin-hating God, with honest repentance and confession of sin and helplessness, and trust themselves wholly in the hands of the almighty Savior, they will surely receive cleansing and salvation. They have just as much need to do this as have the drunkard and the harlot. There is little difference in God's sight, for "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God," and all need exactly the same redemption. He that is not willing to take position with the lowest is too proud to be saved at all.

To the soundly converted man the Christian life and the Christian ministry are a joy and a triumph.

Summaries of Statistics.

Following is the General Summary of Statistics for the year 1900 of the 213 Congregational churches of this State:

Churches with pastors, 162; vacant (including 9 supplied by licentiate or pastor of other denominations), 51. Many of these are very small churches, two or three of which are usually yoked together. Five of them have little more than a name. The church membership on January 1, 1901, was 18,391, a net gain of 403.

Additions upon confession, 974; by letter, 1,269. Total, 2,243. Losses by death, 221; by letter, 901; by dropping from roll, 718. Total, 1,840. Baptisms: Adult, 325; children, 442. In Sunday-schools, 19,335.

One hundred and forty-two Y. P. S. C. E. report 6,047 members. One hundred and eighty-nine churches report 12,734 families.

The benevolent contributions of 197 churches are as follows: Foreign Missions (131 churches reporting), $13,877; Education, $23,724; Church Building (155 churches), $4,478; Home Missions (173 churches), $16,480; A. M. A., $2,637; Sunday-school work, $1,427; Ministerial Aid, $260; other gifts, $19,464. Total, $82,347. Increase, $18,785. Home Expenditures (176 churches), $218,102. Sunday-school members, 19,335. Young People's Societies, 142, with a membership of 6,047. Nine new churches have been organized with an aggregate membership of 232. As the net increase in membership during the year was 323 and as the four churches dropped from the roll had no membership, there would have been during the year, but for these new churches, a net gain of only 91. The net gain for 1899 was 97. During the year 1890 the net gain (177 churches) was 633.

Among churches receiving a large number on confession, the German of Fresno heads the list with 80. Santa Cruz has made a notable net gain—63, the additions on confession being 60; Los Angeles First made a net gain of 60, with 23 on confession; Riverside a net gain of 29, with 22 on confession; Los Angeles East, net gain 29, with 28 on confession; Claremont, net gain, 24; Tulare, 20; Oakland First received 55 on confession, but suffered a net loss; Oakland Second received 13 on confession; Etna, 20; Grass Valley, 13; Whittier, 15; Pomona, 13; Los Angeles Pico Heights, 13; Los Angeles Olivet, 15; Sacramento, 14; San Francisco First, 17; San Francisco Third, 13; San Francisco Bethany, 18; San Jacinto, 12.

A marked feature of the reports for several years past has been the large number dropped from the roll. In 1899 there were 900 so dropped; in 1900, 718. Of these, 20 were dropped at North Berkeley; 18 at Green Valley; 37 at Los Angeles, Park; 66 at Oakland First; 27 at Oakland Market Street; 110 at San Francisco Plymouth; 17 at San Mateo; 20 at Santa Barbara; 22 at Sierra Madre. Such are the lights and shadows of the year's statistics of the churches of our State.

Turning now to the Statistics of Northern and Central California, we find 134 churches, 6 having been added and 4 dropped. Membership, 11,099. Gain, 105. Additions by confession, 567; by letters, 636. Total 1,203. Removals by death, 146; by letter, 432; dropped from roll, 440; total, 1,018. Baptisms: Adult, 180; children, 353. In Sunday-schools, 11,014; loss, 353; average attendance, 7,322. Young People's Societies, 83; membership, 3,692. Ninety-two churches report 7,915 families.

Benevolent contributions: Foreign Missions (83 churches reporting), $7,609; Education, $18,881; Church

Building (churches reporting, 101), $3,881; Home Missions (108 churches reporting), $10,021; A. M. A., $1,676; Sunday-school Work, $856; Ministerial Aid, $134; other benevolences, $14,630. Total (126 churches), $57,688. Home Expenditures (164 churches), $141,404.

Ministers: 16 installed by council; 73 pastors without installation; 60 others. Total, 136.

Of the churches in the entire State, 32 report the same membership as one year ago; 88 report a net loss, and 93 report a net gain. Among the last are the 9 new churches. Such is the record for the year 1900. "O my threshing, and the corn of my floor: that which I have heard * * * have I declared unto you." *H. E. Jewett,*

Feb. 28, 1901. Statistical Secretary.

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. F. B. PERKINS.

Lesson XI. March 17, 1901.

The Crown of Thorns. (Luke xxiii: 13-26.)

Morning was breaking when the whole company of priests and elders hurried with their prisoner to Pilate, intent on seeing him safe in Roman custody before news of their action should spread among the people.

In their excitement, however, one important matter had been overlooked. No charges, such as every judicial procedure demands, had been formulated. And when Pilate curtly demanded, "What is your accusation?" (John xviii: 29) they could only fall back upon their dignity and reply, with affected haughtiness, that their presence there was sufficient proof of his criminality; to which Pilate retorted, "In that case, attend to the matter yourselves." Baffled again here, their next resort was a charge ludicrously incongruous. "He perverteth our nation," say they—these people, so notoriously hostile to the Roman government! "He forbids the payment of taxes!" "He sets up for himself the claim to be an anointed king!" (John xviii: 29, 30; Luke xxiii: 2.)

How clearly Pilate saw through their hypocrisy, and how he despised them for it, is very evident to any reader of the story. But it presented an issue which, as an officer of the government, he was bound to investigate. The trial, therefore, henceforth turns upon this question. The charge of blasphemy, about which Pilate neither knew nor cared, disappears, save as, at the last, it broke forth again in the insane cry, "Crucify! crucify!" (John xix: 7.)

Into the details of the next fateful hours—Pilate's repeated interviews with Jesus, out of which he came each time with a deeper awe of his spiritual greatness; his futile attempts to turn the Jews from their murderous purpose; his varied devices for freeing his prisoner, or at least ridding himself of responsibility—into all these details, important as they are, our present studies do not compel us to enter. It is upon the close of this wretched travesty of judicial inquiry—grimly humorous if it were not so horribly tragic—that attention is especially fixed. Let the scene be set before us—the castle courtyard filled with an excited and maddened throng; in the center an elevated platform, upon which, all haggard and bleeding, stands the meek Sufferer; by his side the Roman governor, declaring, over and over again, that the accusation laid against him was utterly groundless, both he himself and Herod finding him wholly blameless; the wild outcries which greet any suggestion of release; the demand that not he, but Barabbas the murder, be set free; louder and louder, the blood-curdling "Crucify," and insane imprecations; all closing with Pilate's pitiable disclaimer, and base surrender of Jesus, of his court and of himself, to the maniac mob, whom he despised, and hated and feared, in equal measure.

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That was the outcome of a trial before the supreme court of the land, under Roman law, presided over by the official representative of royalty. It was the breakdown of civil justice, as that before the Jewish Sanhedrin had been the burlesque of religion. It involved not only the prostitution of law, but more than this: barbarities, such as are naturally associated only with lowest savagery. Instance only the coarse brutality of the priests and elders (Mark xiv: 65); the disgraceful buffoonery of Herod and his soldiers (Luke xxii: 11); the scourging of a prisoner solemnly declared, at the time, to be innocent (Luke xxiii: 13-16); his condemnation to death (Luke xxiii: 22-25); and the barbarous horseplay of the Roman soldiers, without rebuke from Pilate (John xix: 2-5).

Truly, times have changed for the better. And it is natural to contrast these scenes with the dignified procedure in our own courts of justice, with the care, also, with which every right of an accused or even a convicted criminal is guarded. It marks the progress of a true civilization.

But it also marks the growing influence of Him who once stood before the highest representatives of religion and of civil law, and, contrary to religion and in the face of law, was given over to a shameful death. Our better systems are his boon to the world. Only where, and so far as, his transforming agency has wrought have governments become just and merciful. Even within these limits there yet remains much to be done. Less than a century ago indeed, and by foremost Christian nations, enormities were permitted, in courts of law, in prisons, and even toward the insane, which set one wondering what manner of spirit we are of. Worse than this are the fiendish horrors perpetrated even now by lawless mobs, in every section of our land; a disgrace which no public sentiment as yet has been able to wipe out. And what shall we say of the outrages committeed by the forces of nominally Christian nations upon inferior races? Must we not conclude that the world, even in its most favored portions, retains yet too much of the wild passion and heartlessness of Jesus' persecutors.

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Caiaphas, Herod and Pilate, with their criminals of lesser note—we think of them with scornful loathing, and yet what were they but lost children of our Heavenly Father? What was their sin but the venomous brood of malign principles, such as he coiled up in every human breast? And what was their crime, if not the natural growth of this hidden evil, under favoring conditions? One of our modern hymnists has caught the idea I am trying to suggest, and fixed it in lyric form—

"I see the crowd in Pilate's hall,
I mark their wrathful mien,
Their shouts of 'crucify' appall
With blasphemy between.

"And of that shouting multitude
I feel that I am one;
And in that din of voices rude.
I recognize my own.

"I see the scourges tear His back!
I see the piercing crown?
And of that crowd that smite and mock
I feel that I am one."

Yet we remember with what pitiful gentleness the gracious Master touched this point, and recognized the lim-

its of Pilate's culpability. Poor Pilate! he was forced into position as chief offender, but he was after all not the guiltiest (John xix:11). Peter also, speaking in the Spirit, was able to adduce the ignorance of the rulers in mitigation of the devilishness of their conduct (Acts iii: 17).—

(And) " not the less that blood avails
To cleanse away *my* sin !
And not the less that cross prevails
To give me peace within !"

* * * * * * * *

It was the victory gained in Gethsemane which prepared our Lord for the unbroken calmness with which he "endured the contradiction of sinners," and the tortures of his inquisition. And it is in the "oil press" of their Gethsemane that all Christlike souls must learn to look with unflinching courage into their cup of service and of suffering. I am reminded here of words written by Miss Fiske, long time missionary to the Nestorians: "I felt pity," she says, "for my sisters before going among them, but anguish when, from contact with them, I realized how very low they were." Yet, out of this experience, she, too, emerged, with a calm devotion which nothing could disturb. I am thinking, too, of other missionaries, martyrs for Christ, and how, while waiting for their Calvary the heroic band in Pao-ting-fu were able to send out word, "All are calm and quiet." "Send word to Mrs. Pitkin that God was with me and his peace was my consolation." So they stood, as Jesus stood, and as others their fellow-sufferers stood, while passion raged around them, Gethsemane behind and Calvary before. And there is the hiding of our power, in a like unselfish acceptance of the Father's will.

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When the Jewish Sanhedrin, in maniac fury, jeered at the blindfolded sufferer their taunt was "Prophecy unto us, thou Christ, who is he that struck thee?" It was his Messianic office in which they spurned him. When the rude soldiers, following their usual custom with condemned criminals, made him the butt of their cruel jokes, they stripped him and put on him a scarlet robe. And they plaited a crown of thorns and put it upon his head and a reed in his right hand; and they kneeled down before him and mocked him, saying, Hail King of the Jews! And they spat upon him and took the reed and smote him on the head (Matt. xxvii: 28-30).

Yes, King of the Jews, he truly was; more than that, he was "King of kings," albeit, "His face was more marred than any man's and his form more than the sons of men." The very absence of conventional regalia did but set his inherent kingliness in bolder reief. The common soldier's cast-off cloak was a fitting symbol for him, who came to be the Champion of humanity and the cruel thorn crown well became the head of him whose blood was to give life to the world. He was a King and he did not hesitate to assert that dignity, when questioned by the proper authority (John xviii: 37). Here, however, as in his reply to Caiaphas (Matt. xxvi: 63, 64) it was the full-orbed truth that he asserted, not the mendacious half-truth which the priests had charged upon him. It was a kingship wholly independent of the world or worldly methods of support (John xviii: 36), a kingship whose distinctive feature was not command but suffering. To that feature his whole sacrificial life had borne witness (John xvii: 37), and of it no more perfect symbol could be imagined than was presented by his haggard form, and pain-drawn face and mangled body and thorn-crowned bleeding head; unutterable pity and invincible patience manifest in every movement.

He stands forth the one imperial figure in all that crowd. Anger could not make him afraid; torture could not make him afraid; torture could not break his spirit, nor for one moment cause him to forget the courtesy due even to his persecutors. Ridicule could not touch him; falsehood could not disturb his sweet serenity; he was Master of Himself; so he was Master of the situation. He was the only one who never forgot himself or betrayed a craven spirit. He stood firm while poor Pilate floundered amid the morasses of self-interest and at last broke down altogether.

Behold, your king! then, whoever would aspire to leadership among men. He is thorn-crowned ever! That man stands highest who has learned most perfectly the art of self-control, and how to commit his soul, in quietness of well-doing, into the hands of his Heavenly Father. That nation is assured of supremacy, and of lasting prosperity, which, in life and in intercourse, alike with the powerful and the weak acknowledges most fully the law of human brotherhood, and is great enough to suffer but never do a wrong.

One glimpse more of this Messianic King as they lead him away to his sacrificial throne. Simon, the Cyrenian, the obscure countryman, the Lord had need of him; and for awhile he needs you and me, to share the burden of his cross.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

Christ Our High Priest. (Heb. vii: 24–28.)

Topic for March 17th.

There is little doubt that we meddle too much with the God-ward side of our salvation. We have tried to construct systems while too many links are missing. Our theological difficulties often have arisen because we have attempted to explain what has not been made clear in God's revelation. The variety of opinions and of schools and of creeds in the world, proves that it is not difficult to think out theories. It is not a certain evidence that one is advancing because he has thought of something new. The modern thought of today will be the antiquated idea of tomorrow. But after all has been discovered and discussed and fought over, it still remains true that there are some great mysteries in our salvation. Speaking with reverence, we cannot altogether take God's point of view. The redemption of men required something which we cannot understand. We cannot fully see all the necessity which made it indispensable that Jesus should live the life and die the death which he did.

* * *

Writing under the limitations of human language, it may be said that the surrender of man to sin brought God face to face with a problem requiring infinite wisdom to solve. "That he might be just, and the justifier of him that hath faith in Jesus," was the difficult achievement to be secured. In reaching this, all the sacrificial system was necessary. The priest and the sacrifice and the atonement were the means God used to make it possible for him to offer "pardon, peace and power" to you and me. To try to explain it all, and to give the reasons for this feature or that event, is not only an impossible task, but it may not be far from irreverent meddlesomeness. Christian culture is not so much to be found in pondering these great and intricate questions, as in responding to the invitations and instructions so plainly given in this Word of God. It is far better for us all to leave the mysteries with God, and walk in the open paths which, from our very feet, stretch along towards

eternity. If we do this, we shall have very much less to unlearn, sometime. With the most of us it is a more difficult process to unlearn than it is to learn.

* * *

It is very significant, and it ought to be very suggestive to us, that little is said in the New Testament about Christ as our high priest. The most that is written about the matter is in the epistle to the Hebrews, which was evidently sent to the people who did not know or would not believe that Jesus Christ ended all human priesthood, and terminated every system requiring earthly sacrifice, priestly rites or human mediators. Our Lord gathered up into himself all the rites and ceremonies and conceptions formerly connected with the idea of a human priesthood and put an end to the necessity of our repeating, or imitating, or introducing them into our religious worship or services. In transferring the essential truths of the Passover into the Christian kingdom, when he instituted the Lord's Supper, he left out the sacrificial lamb. Priestly functions on earth have ceased.

* * *

We need to have a clear and strong conviction of this great fact. Not a few around us still require to be t ught that whatever savors of the purely priestly forms in our religious life is not honorable to Christ, our great High Priest, who completed in himself and terminated for all time, whatever had belonged to the priestly order. To help people to understand this, is not an unimportant matter in our work for the Master. Christian Endeavorers ought to make a study of that point until they can make it plain to those minds which are now perplexed. The term "priest" and all exercises in our worship carrying the priestly notion ought to be expunged from our Protestant practices. "Once for all" Jesus has offered one sacrifice for us. Let every priestly conception and service disappear in him.

* * *

Now, the practical side of these ominous facts is the reflection that Christ as our high priest bears within himself all our relations to God. This simplifies everything. The past, the future, our sins, our prospects, our struggles with ourselves, our religious duties—all of these are determined in him. If there are mysteries, if there are problems, if there are burdens, if there are doubts and if there are weaknesses, they are all to be carried to him for solution and relief. He is able to save unto the uttermost. Instead of the perplexities of a ceremonial law with so much and such a kind of reparation for such and such a transgression, we have the fellowship with Jesus. We have no religious official, but a Savior to whom to speak our sorrows, our hopes and our difficulties. Our question now is not, What ritual have we followed? or What law-requirement have we completed? but Have we talked with Jesus? Have we drawn near with a true heart in fullness of faith? It is love, not law, now. It is daily service now, not occasional ceremony. It is Jesus and his will now, not systems and calendars and observances.

The Rev. S. E. Bishop, editor of the Honolulu Friend, puts himself on record in his paper as in favor of a prohibitory liquor law only when the people of Hawaii are ready to enact it themselves. He feels sure that prohibition cannot be enforced there until a majority of the people favor it and that any such law enacted by Congress would be a failure.

Love to Christ is the grateful response to forgiveness of sins by Christ.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

President.....Mrs. A. P. Peck.
819 Fifteenth street, Oakland.
Treasurer.....Mrs. S. M. Dodge.
1275 Sixth avenue, Oakland.
Home Secretary.....Mrs. C. B. Bradley.
2639 Durant avenue, Berkeley.
Home Secretary.....Mrs. W. J. Wilcox.
576 East Fourteenth street, Oakland.
Branch Secretary.....Mrs. H. E. Jewett
2511 Benvenue avenue, Berkeley.
Treasurer Young Ladies' Branch.....Miss Grace Goodhue.
1722 Geary street, San Francisco.

Southern Branch.

The eleventh annual meeting of the Southern Branch will be held in Redlands, April 11th and 12th, preceded by the meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Union.

Delegates from all the auxiliaries of the Branch are expected, also friends of the work will be entertained as far as possible.

Mrs. Mateer of Peking, China, will speak. Rev. Mr. Kingman of Claremont will give an address on "A Century of Foreign Missions." A half-hour with the stereopticon, showing something of our mission fields, will also be an interesting feature.

The closing hour of the meeting will be one of Questions and Queries on the work, and ways of working. Delegates, please bring any perplexities, as well as the hopeful signs, that have come to them during the year. Delegates, please send word for entertainment to Mrs. F. L. Cross, 640 Cajon street, Redlands.

Our by-laws provide for representation as follows: Officers of the Branch, presidents of all auxiliaries, members of the Branch not members of auxiliaries, two delegates of each auxiliary, and an additional delegate for twenty members or fraction over a membership of twenty-five, shall vote at all meetings of the Branch.

Any number of women contributing not less than two dollars annually through our treasury, and any organization of children or youth contributing not less than one dollar annually, in like manner, are auxiliary to the Branch.

It is hoped Young People's societies will be well represented as well as the adults. The Young People's Department will please send in reports of their year's efforts to the Superintendent of that department, Miss Aurelia Harwood of Ontario.

The ladies' societies please report before April 1st to the Secretary of the Branch, Mrs. C. C. Thomas, Pasadena, naming their officers, number of members, and general condition during the year.

Mrs. S. E. Hughes, Pasadena, the treasurer of the Branch, hopes to receive all money promptly before April 1st. But one month to make good our effort of $2,000 for pledged work and $500 for the Century Fund!

The Annual Report.

The annual report of the Woman's Board of Missions is intensely interesting. From that and from clippings from Boston papers, some extracts have been made giving us an idea of what the annual meeting, held in November, must have been. Would that all could read the full report! In the report of the Home Department Miss Abbie B. Child says:

"Our system of organization has endured the test of more than thirty years, and proved its value; but it has by no means reached perfection. The point we have reached is shown by the following figures: We have now connected with the Board twenty-four Branches,

covering all our territory—comprising eleven hundred and sixty-four senior auxiliary societies in the local churches, a gain of forty-nine societies during the year, with an estimated membership of thirty-eight thousand; five hundred and eleven Junior Auxiliaries and Mission Circles for children, a gain of forty-three; and one hundred and seventy-seven Cradle Rolls, a gain of eleven; making a total of eighteen hundred and fifty-two organizations. There is a meaning in these figures not apparent to the casual observer. They have not been made possible by selfish ease: they mean work, sacrifice, devotion and effort known only to Him who reads all hearts. During the year in most of our Branches, there has been determined effort for definite progress on the three lines suggested at the annual meeting of the Board in Syracuse—the extension of information, expansion of auxiliaries, and a memorial fund. * * * The places where our societies receive their inspiration, where the fires are kindled and the coals kept alive by close contact, are in our meetings of Board and Branch and Auxiliary. The influence of our annual meeting in Syracuse has been felt through the year. * * * The overshadowing event of the year, however, in mission gatherings, has been the Ecumenical Conference for Foreign Missions. * * * The greatest source of anxiety during the year has been our treasury, both from its vital importance to the general work and from its exhibition of the substantial results of our efforts. The total amount of contributions for the year has been $107,467.09; of legacies, $23,450.99; from interest, $4,820,09; making a grand total of $135,-738.77."

The reports from the foreign work, by the corresponding secretaries of the Board, are full of interest and suggestion. We can give but a hasty glance over the field. From the Zulu Mission, South Africa, we hear that the Ireland Home, at Amamzimtoti, has been closed for a year, the pupils to be provided for at Inanda Seminary and Umzumbe Home. Previous to that, Miss Mellen had been in charge, assisted by Miss Ireland, Mrs. Dorward and Mrs. Bunker. There had been a marked change in the attitude of the parents, who showed a real interest in the advancement of their girls. Word sometimes came to the teachers of the way God blessed the efforts of the girls to teach their friends at home and of the courage they showed in trying to do right. In spite of their poverty, the girls contributed to the work in Gazaland, to Dr. Raynolds' Orphanage in Van and to a native pastor in Amanzimtote church, many of them denying themselves food that they might do this. "Miss Mellen tells an interesting story of the daughter of a Zulu chief, who had been brought up in the home of a Christian uncle, but was betrothed by her people to an old heathen polygamist. She prayed earnestly to God for deliverance from this man and the day she was to have been married to him he died."

The two schools at Inanda and Umzumbe are both doing well. From West Central Africa Miss Simpson writes: "I can but rejoice that the Lord has put me here among these poor, ignorant people. I shall be still happier when I am able to help them more. Oh, that all missionaries might have the gift of tongues!" Miss Gilson sends a word of cheer from Mt. Silinda, East Central Africa. Much progress has been made in the short time since the mission was established there.

The girls' school in Monastir, European Turkey, rejoices in the increased numbers in attendance and in the spirit of the pupils. Five nationalities are represented—Bulgarian, Albanian, Servian, Roumanian and Austrian. In Western Turkey Miss Patrick has returned to the presidency of the American College for Girls, where they have one hundred and fifty-two pupils enrolled. One of the teachers writes that "it is now a marked feature that the students leave with the feeling that they enter into the world of service."

The Girls' School in Smyrna has a branch of the World's W. C. T. U., and it has this year extended its endeavors to temperance in speech and in dress and has had an excellent influence.

The Female Department of Euphrates College, Harpoot, Eastern Turkey, has been accustomed to make a contribution for the poor of the city at Christmas time. This year the boys and some of the church brethren united with them and forty-two dollars were raised. At a missionary meeting they were told of the needs of India. Much prayer was offered. Some of the women said, "We know what it is to be hungry; let us give to the starving as we were remembered in our distress." Gifts poured in and over eighty dollars were contributed.

Plague, famine and death have prevailed in the Marathi Mission, India, yet Mrs. Bissell writes: "The Lord has been mindful of his people and has wonderfully cared for them; there has been progress in the work, though less marked than in former years." Parents beg to have their children admitted to the schools, on account of the famine, till in some cases the rooms are crowded. In addition to the schools missionaries have opened orphanages at nearly all the stations.

Of Madura we are told that "the destroying angel which has so long hovered over India has for still another year spared our Madura Mission, and neither plague nor actual famine have afflicted the people. There has, however, been great scarcity and the poor have suffered, though they have not starved.

The four city schools for Hindu girls, under the care of Miss Barker of our W. B. M. P. Board, are larger than ever. "Bible lessons are a part of each day's work and the Sunday-schools are well attended. There has been a great loss in the death of a native head-master, who, with his wife, has taught efficiently for twenty-two years, earnestly laboring to bring the children to Christ." During the past year Dr. Harriet Parker has given care to eighteen thousand seven hundred and sixty patients at the Woman's Hospital. Many of them promised to worship Christ only. The two hospital Bible women have taught with greater success than ever.

An interesting conference for Bible women was held at Oodooville, Ceylon. Traveling expenses were paid for the women and free entertainment given them. Forty-three came, many bringing small children with them. Each day before breakfast prayer-meetings were held and forenoons and evenings Bible lessons and addresses on methods of Bible study were given by Miss Swift, Superintendent of Bible Women's Training School for Southern India. Constant attendance, great interest and enjoyment marked the Conference. "Not content with all-day meetings, the women held prayer-meetings far into the night."

An interesting anecdote is related of Miss Morrill, one of the martyrs of Pao-ting-fu, Northern China. During one of her tours she wrote as follows: "Here I am, 140 li from headquarters, holding a class for some dear, stupid old country-women . . . It is line upon line, precept upon precept with these women, and they forget easily—but such a difference as there is between them and their heathen sisters! How can any one doubt the reality of a Christ when they see what his teachings have done for women? . . . I am with the women

constantly, but am able to sleep alone, the first time in all my itinerating experience. To be sure, the food and all our supplies are kept in the little inner room where I seek my stony bed. I had to laugh over my verse on the prayer calendar, 'Let me try to do my duty, whether I be victor or victim.' The kettle platform had smoked fearfully and I felt tired and rather uncertain whether I was victim or victor. But the laugh did me good."

From Kobe, Japan, Miss Benedict writes: "I cannot tell you how glad we were to welcome our new ladies, Miss Chandler and Miss Shaw, last evening. The school is very prosperous. We have over one hundred and twenty-five girls here now, and the names of others who will be here next week. We have, too, what we have long wanted—a number of graduates from other schools coming here for advanced work. No less than six Congregational schools have representatives here, beside Methodist, Presbyterian and higher government schools." "Some of us have been particularly interested for many years in a young Japanese woman who was graduated from Mt. Holyoke College in 1895, and returned in company with the deputation to Japan in September of that year to take charge of the Science Department in Kobe College. Thoroughly equipped for her work, she was also of noble character, deep spirituality, and such unswerving loyalty to the "foreign teachers," as our missionaries were called, as made her an invaluable assistant, both intellectually and socially. She was married in the spring to President Ibuka of the Presbyterian Mission in Tokyo, and her place in the college is supplied by Miss Matsuda, a graduate of the Doshisha Girls' School, who has been studying for some years in this country at Bryn Mawr."

When Prof. G. F. Wright visited Sendai, Japan, he spoke in the public hall of the University before the students, on "The Relation of Christianity to the Scientific Thought of the Age." The address was published in the papers the following day. So widely was it copied that when, four weeks later, Prof Wright spoke in Okayama, 600 miles south, he was asked to give a different lecture, as they had read his previous one in the papers! Prof. Wright says, "I did not find it so easy to repeat a sermon in Japan as I do in the United States." As a result of this lecture tour in Japan Professor Wright is convinced that "the need of redoubling our efforts to disseminate the full knowledge of the gospel throughout the empire was never greater than now, and the signs of progress were never so hopeful."

"Christian Life and Theology."

["Christian Life and Theology; or The Contribution of Christian Experience to the System of Evangelical Doctrine." By Frank Hugh Foster, Ph.D., D.D. Revell and Company, $1.50.]

At the outset it may be said that this is a valuable contribution to theological literature; valuable both because of its theme and of its presentation. A reader may be assured beforehand that Professor Foster will not waste his energies upon matters of secondary importance, nor will he embarrass progress by obscure thought or unwieldy expression. Whatever else may be lacking, his style is certainly clear as the waters of Tahoe, and strong as the surrounding granite.

He possesses the marked ability, also, in enunciating the kernel from ponderously learned discussions and serving it up for ordinary readers. His present treatise will confer this boon upon many, who will thus be enabled to "enter into" his "labors."

The sub-title and specific theme of the lectures is "The Contribution of Christian Experience to the System of Evangelical Doctrine." A lectureship upon the Stone foundation, before the faculty and students of Princeton Theological Seminary, was the immediate occasion of their preparation. But as to material, they are the growth of more than twenty-five years of study and reflection, under special advantages of training, both at home and abroad.

For his constructive principle, i. e., the appeal to Christian experience, Prof. Foster claims that it is a legitimate method for reaching theological conclusions. We are disposed to go further, and regard it as distinctively *the* characteristic Christian method. It affords the only view-point from which a proper perspective and harmony of detail can be assured. It is more than doubtful whether the unregenerate mind is competent for the settlement of theological problems. Certainly the Master's appeal, throughout, was to what may be termed Christian consciousness. Obedience was to him the organ of knowledge. "If any one wills to do the will of God, he shall know of the doctrine." He wasted no time in casting the pearls of divine truth before wilful unbelievers. Would that more of our Christian preachers might learn the lesson. The sword of the Spirit is the Word of God; and the Word of God is first personal, then practical, and only thirdly logical.

This experiential method also can be commended, because of the tone—tenderly warm and spiritual—which it tends to impart to theological discussion. A doctrinal system constructed on these lines is a theology which can be preached—a virtue which many systems lack. And it safeguards its advocate, if anything can, from spiritual drought and deadness. How can it be otherwise, when every conclusion is thus vigorously held to the supreme test of life?

The limitations of Christian experience, as the constructive principle of a theological system, are clearly recognized by Prof. Foster. It is with him no substitute for an objective divine revelation, as if salvation were bounded by the individual consciousness. It is not to be set up as a rival to the supreme authority of the Bible, as the source of Christian doctrine. But it is a true, and under the illumination of the Holy Spirit an authoritative, guide into those "deep things of God" which make up the substance of Christian theology.

In the application of this principle, our author is led to search for the originating source of the new birth; the place and authority of the Bible; the person of Christ; his sacrificial work in its relation to guilt, to condemnation and to law; and to the church as a fellowship of Christian believers.

We regret that space does not allow a more particular consideration of the many vitally important positions advanced and defended in this most timely discussion. It will evoke criticism. Some of his statements will doubtless be challenged. But as to the elevated tone, the Christian spirit, and the consummate ability of the discussion, we believe there will be no discordant opinion among those qualified to judge. It is a book for thoughtful Christian laymen as well as for theologians; a book which will feed the heart as well as inform the intellect; and certain of an honorable place in the temple of Christian truth—in this science of sciences which reverent scholars are building for the glory of God and the good of men.

There was somebody who, day in and day out, never did anything to make anybody else happy. Was it you?

Love to Christ never fails of recognition and reward from Christ.

Church News.

Northern California.

Oakland, Fourth.—Nine persons were welcomed into fellowship Sunday. The church is prospering, and is planning to move to a more central location on San Pablo avenue.

San Francisco, First.—At the Sunday communion 23 persons were received to membership, 11 on confession. Fifteen of these were men. In the evening Ballington Booth spoke to a large congregation

Berkeley, Park.—A council is called for Thursday of this week for the installation of the Rev. W. H. Scudder as pastor. The outlook is promising. Both pastor and people believe that there is a large opportunity for Park church.

Oakland, Pilgrim.—The semi-annual barrel opening yielded $54 for the missionary societies. Rev. C. R. Brown's talk concerning the missionary field and experiences in Calaveras county emphasized the importance of such work and the obligation of aiding in carrying the gospel everywhere, both in homeland and foreign land.

Black Diamond.—The church has been able to increase its benevolences this year. Home Missionary Sunday resulted in reaching the stipulated amount, plus five dollars, for Diamond Jubilee Fund. The church and congregation lately gave the pastor a surprise by presenting to him a fine cow, which is greatly appreciated by him and his family.

Ocean View, San Francisco.—Ocean View church received nine persons into membership at the recent communion service March 3d; two by letter and eight on confession of faith. The church feels greatly encouraged since the coming of Rev. Huber and Mrs. Burr. Attendance has increased, averaging forty. The prayer-meeting on Wednesday evenings is also well attended.

San Francisco, Third.—The offering for home missions was taken last Sunday by a new method. The people made their contributions at the door as they passed out. The results are very satisfactory. The work at the Third church has never been so prosperous. There are demands for more facilities to do the work. In the morning the pastor preached on "The Irreparable Past"; in the evening on "The Wreck of the Rio de Janeiro."

Sebastopol.—Sunday, February 24th, the new church building was dedicated. The sermon was preached by Rev. J. K. Harrison. Rev. L. D. Rathbone of Santa Rosa assisted in the services. The dedicatory service was read by the pastor, Rev. C. C. Kirtland. On the day of dedication $358.10 were needed to free the edifice from indebtedness. It was soon pledged. The Santa Rosa Republican says: "The building is a neat structure, an ornament to the town and the just pride of the people."

Southern California.

San Miguel.—Three members were received last Sabbath by letter. Fifteen dollars has been raised for a memorial window in the church at Paso Robles.

Paso Robles.—The San Jose churchhas presented us with a communion service, something that has been very much needed. The new church will be ready for dedication in April. All the subscriptions secured by the late Rev. S. D. Belt have been paid, except fifty dollars. The Endeavor Societies in the First churches of San Francisco and Berkeley have recently sent five dollars each. The benevolent contributions from this field the past year, including those of San Miguel, have been ninety dollars, a large increase over any former year.

Pasadena, Lake Avenue.—Last Sunday our church had a joyful and impressive service. Fifteen were received into membership, ten on confession of faith and five by letter. The faithful, loving service of our beloved pastor is bearing fruit. His heart was kindled with joy as so many of the Sunday-school confessed Christ. The Church Missionary Society, which includes men in the membership, held its annual meeting last week. The reports of the year's work were very encouraging and showed that the men do not detract from its success, but add to it. We are looking for other churches to adopt this plan.

Los Angeles, Bethlehem.—Ground was broken February 25th, with appropriate exercises, for the free baths to be erected immediately in connection with the Bethlehem work. This new forward step was made possible by an offer from a lady in the city, to furnish money to the amount of $3,000, for the building as soon as the ground should be purchased. A lot directly opposite the church was secured for $1,000 and paid for by the contributions of philanthropic citizens. The plan is to have, besides shower and tub baths, a plunge bath 30 by 60 feet, also a place where men who have not a change of clothing may have their clothes washed and dried while they are taking their bath. Benevolent provision is also made for housewives who have not home conveniences for washing, by fitting up a room at the bath house in which the family washing may be done. This enterprise meets a real and urgent need, for there are no public bathing facilities in that part of the city. At the public exercises of the ground-breaking on Friday afternoon addresses were made by Rev. Wm. Horace Day, associate pastor of the First Congregational church, Rev. C. C. Pierce, pastor of the Memorial Baptist church, and Rev. R. M. Webster, who ministers to the Gospel Social Union. The first spadeful of earth was turned by Curtis D. Wilbur, Esq., attorney for the Bethlehem Benevolent Board, and one of its directors. In connection with this ceremony, prayer was offered, led by Rev. James T. Ford. It is expected that the baths will be ready for use within two months from the date of the ground-breaking.

Notes and Personals.

Prof. Nash occupied the pulpit of the Market Street church of Oakland last Sunday.

The Bay Association will meet in the Second church of Oakland on Tuesday, March the 12th.

The San Francisco Association meets next Monday in the Pierce street church in this city.

Prof. R. R. Lloyd preached in Bethany church last Sunday. Dr. Pond has gone south in the interests of the work among the Chinese.

Rev. Stephen Wood, pastor of Plymouth Avenue church, Oakland, is sick with the grip. His pulpit was occupied Sunday by Prof. Mooar.

Next Monday the San Francisco Ministers' Meeting will be addressed by the Rev. Dr. Willey. Something historical may be expected from him—something of interest concerning early California history.

Good word comes concerning the work at Palo Alto. Congregations are large. The Bible class in the Sunday-school, taught by the Rev. J. M. Lewis, who is studying at Stanford, is the largest in the town.

The Rev. D. H. Reid, who has been supplying the Congregational church at Victoria, B. C., for several months, is spending a few weeks in California. Mr. Reid goes next week to Port Angeles, Washington, to supply for six months.

On Thursday of this week the following missionaries of the American Board go on the "Coptic" to their various mission fields: Dr. I. J. Atwood to North China, Miss Dr. Stryker to Foochow, Mrs. M. L. Gordon and daughter and Miss Lucy E. Case to Japan. Dr. Atwood and family are the only survivors of our Shensi Mission; they being in this country when the massacre took place. Dr. Stryker is a newly appointed missionary. Mrs. Gerden returns a widow, Dr. Gerden, one of our ablest missionaries, having recently died in this country.

The Bible was exalted by the Rev. Dr. Kelly of the Lutheran church of Oakland in his address at the San Francisco Ministers' Meeting, Monday, on the subject, "The Bible in the Pulpit." Its principles were shown to be the basis on which the pulpit stands, and any pulpit from which it is excluded ceases to be Christian. The great preachers have not drawn from Plato or any of the philosophers, but from the Bible. The most successful preachers of the day were said to be those who regard "the Bible as the very Word of God." While the Old and the New Testaments must be taken together and the Old will never become antiquated, yet the New Testament is especially the pulpit text book.

For several months the Rev. William Horace Day, who was pastor of the Congregational church at Aurora, Illinois, for four years, has been serving as assistant pastor of the First church of Los Angeles. Inasmuch as his services have been such as to be much appreciated, and the need for an assistant pastor all the while more apparent, Mr. Day has been called for a more extended period. Arrangements have been made for a year or more. This church has considered the advisability of a new building. There is urgent need of larger Sunday-school accommodations, which cannot be had in the present structure in the present location. An offer of 65,000 has been made for the lots without the building. This is considered too low a figure, and many of the members, so says the Los Angeles Times, believe that no other site quite so satisfactory could be secured.

A Matter of Justice.

Rev. George C. Adams.

We have made our declaration of independence from national help in this Home Missionary district, and on April 1st we purpose to put the resolve into execution. It was a brave and just act; we are able to pay our own way, and while it will mean considerable self-sacrifice at the first, it will not be long until we shall be wondering that we were ever dependent. Now it is important that we start right. We shall never be blest in our effort if any act of injustice marks its beginning. There is danger that through mere carelessness or failure to recognize the situation we may do something that we shall always regret. Here is the case; let us consider it carefully:

There are only four more Sundays of the fiscal year. The national society granted us for the year a certain amount, based on the supposition that we would raise $8,000 on the field. All that we raise before April 1st belongs to them. We would be guilty of misappropriation of funds if we did not pay it over to them. They have loaned us their credit, as they have done every year, and have trusted to our honor and interest in the cause for the return of the amounts advanced. Because our offerings for this cause come mostly in February and March it has happened each year that the parent society has advanced sometimes as much as $6,000 or $7,000, to pay the salaries as they came due, and has let us pay it back just at the end of the year through our offerings. This is the situation now, and it comes just as we are parting company with the parent society, and are anxious that they shall feel that we have been appreciative of the great work they have done in California through all the half-century past. It would be an unfair transaction for any church or any church officer to hold back the collection in order to apply it to our local society after April 1st. We owe the national society the sum they have advanced this year: every church offering should be taken during the next four Sundays, and should be strongly urged, and made as large as possible, and sent to our local treasurer, to be by him sent to New York. We may have to begin self-support with an empty treasury, but let us begin it with a clear conscience. We shall fill the treasury more promptly if we have been strictly just than we shall if we have taken advantage of a situation that the national society can not help, to apparently further our own interests.

Smead.

Evangelist H. G. Smead of Pasadena went home to his rest February 7th. He had been in failing health for over a year, so his demise was not a surprise. Since his coming to Pasadena, five years ago, he has been active in his chosen work; for two years conducting revival meetings in Southern California, and then doing the work of pastor for the La Canyada and Eagle Rock churches. Although scarcely able to be around for three months prior to his death, he was active and full of zeal to the end, letting go of his work only a week before his call above.

The funeral service, conducted in the Lake Avenue church, of which he was a member, was novel but very impressive. Instead of one address there were reminiscences of his life given by several of his intimate and old-time friends. Rev. C. E. Marsh spoke touchingly of his conversion and his rescue from a drunkard's grave. Mr. Wm. Waterhouse told of his first call to public Christian service, the work of secretary in the Y. M. C. A. at Cedar Rapids, Ia. Rev. C. S. Billings, who was associated with him in revival work, touched upon his success as an evangelist. He said if there was any one Scripture text true of him it was, "The zeal for thy house hath eaten me up." He was literally consumed in doing the Lord's work. For the soundness of his preaching and his great success he was highly commended by D. L. Moody and Rev. R. A. Torrey. Nearly two hundred united with the churches at Grinnell, Ia., at one time, as the result of his labors there. Rev. H. C. Longfellow spoke of his social side and his home life, which were ideal. His pastor, Rev. S. G. Emerson, paid tribute to his true manhood. Rev. H. W. Lathe offered the prayer. The pall bearers were six of the ministerial brethren.

Last Sunday evening an impressive memorial service was held in the Eagle Rock church. Special music was furnished by some of the young people of Pasadena. Rev. C. E. Marsh gave the principal address, Rev. Otto Anderson and Mr. Seaman spoke briefly.

Mr. Smead leaves a wife and four little girls.

Oregon Letter.

By George H. Himes.

On February 10th the Elliott Prairie church, served by Rev. J. M. Dick, received one new member on profession, and one week later the Hubbard church, also under Mr. Dick's pastoral care, received four on profession. Good congregations and a promising work is reported from this field.

On the 17th ult., Rev. E. S. Bollinger, of the Oregon City church, and Rev. M. D. Dunning of the Forest Grove church, exchanged pulpits.

Rev. J. Morlais Richards, a Presbyterian minister of Bevier, Mo., has accepted a call to the Welsh Congregational church at Beaver Creek, Clackamas county. He is spoken of very highly by those who know him.

Rev. S. B. L. Penrose, D.D., President of Whitman College, Walla Walla, returned on the 2d inst., from a lecture trip as far south as Ashland. He lectured at Ashland, Roseburg, Salem and Oregon City.

Rev. George A. Taggart, of the Mississippi Avenue church, has been assisting Rev. J. L. Hershner at Hood River in special meetings every night during the past week. Mr. Hershner preached for Mr. Taggart today, and he for Mr. Hershner.

On the 24th ult. Rev. R. A. Rowley preached at the Riverside church, Hood River. The work there is in good condition, and the influence of Mr. Hershner in the community was never more marked for good than at the present time.

At the communion in the First church today, seven new members were received by letter and one on profession of faith.

The following is a summary of the work of Supt. Rowley for the past year: Schools reorganized, 4; schools visited, 62; Sunday-schools instituted and conferences attended, 9; sermons and addresses delivered, 123; Sunday-schools organized, 31—14 by Supt. Rowley and 17 by Mr. Munson, his helper; miles traveled, 17,430; cash value of clothing distributed among the destitute, $250.

Oregon to Vermont, greeting: The Congregational church at Derby, in the northern part of Vermont, becoming embarrassed, had occasion, as is usual under such conditions, to appeal to the Ladies' Aid Society for relief. This society, after due deliberation, concluded to have a fair, and forthwith sent a request to a church in each state to send some article—a dish, apron, or anything else that could be easily transmitted. The request to Oregon came to Mrs. William D. Hare, Hillsboro, a member of the Ladies' Missionary Society of the Congregational church there. After considering the matter, an apron was voted, and three ladies commissioned to carry out the will of the society. This committee reported at the church prayer-meeting last Thursday evening and exhibited the apron. It is made out of white silk, and on one of the lower corners is painted in oil a branch of the Oregon grape—*berberis nervosa*—the Oregon state flower. The strings are of white ribbon, and long enough to tie the hearts of those Vermont Yankees to this State of ours, which is indebted to the land of green mountains and deep snows for some of its best citizens in its early days. With the apron was sent a bunch of Oregon grape, in order that the people in Derby might see that the painting was from real life. In a separate cover was sent a letter of greeting.

In this connection it may be of interest to state that to a citizen of Derby, or Derby-Line, as it is commonly called—Mr. F. D. Butterfield—the Oregon Historical Society is indebted for a valuable relic of early days in Oregon. This is no less than the trunk of Rev. Jason Lee, who was in Oregon from 1834 to 1844, and died in Stamstead, Canada, a few miles from Derby-Line, soon after his return from Oregon in 1844-45.

The friends of Dr. and Mrs. Kantner of the Salem First church will be greatly pleased to know that the operation which their little daughter underwent has resulted favorably, the little one recovering with remarkable rapidity, and is now entirely out of danger.

An old member of the First church of this city, Dr. E. P. Fraser, died suddenly at Los Angeles last week. He has been in failing health for a number of years, having been afflicted with heart disease. He was a surgeon in the civil war, and won well-deserved distinction in that capacity. He and Mrs. Fraser came to Portland from Chicago about 1878, and united with the church soon afterwards. He was a man of fine spirit and had many warm friends.

Portland, March 3, 1901.

Two Singers.

Jenny Lind and Grisi, rivals for popular favor in London, were invited to sing the same night at a court concert before the Queen. Jenny Lind, being the younger, sang first, and was so disturbed by the fierce, scornful look of Grisi that she was at the point of failure, when, suddenly, an inspiration came to her. The accompanist was striking his final chords. She asked him to rise and took the vacant seat. Her fingers wandered over the keys in a loving prelude, and then she sang a little prayer which she had loved as a child. She hadn't sung it for years. As she sang she was no longer in the presence of royalty, but singing to loving friends in her fatherland.

Softly at first the plaintive notes floated on the air, swelling louder and richer every moment. The singer seemed to throw her whole soul into that weird, thrilling, plaintive "prayer." Gradually the song died away and ended in a sob. There was silence—the silence of admiring wonder. The audience sat spellbound. Jenny Lind lifted her sweet eyes to look into the scornful face that had so disconcerted her. There was no fierce expression now; instead, a tear-drop glistened on the long, black lashes, and after a moment, with the impulsiveness of a child of the tropics, Grisi crossed to Jenny Lind's side, placed her arm about her and kissed her, utterly regardless of the audience.

Woman's Home Missionary Union.

The quarterly meeting will be held at the First Congregational church, Berkeley, Thursday, March 21st, at 11 o'clock a. m. Luncheon will be served at fifteen cents, by the ladies of the church. The program for the day will be given in the next issue of The Pacific.

Laura T. Perkins, Secretary.

Free to Everybody.

Dr. J. H. Willis, a specialist of Crawfordsville, Indiana, will send, free, by mail, to all who send him their address, a package of Pansy Compound, which is two weeks' treatment, with printed instructions, and is a positive cure for constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous or sick headache, la grippe, and blood poison.

Love to Christ overlaps all obstacles in the ardor of its purpose to come to Christ.

Our Boys and Girls.

Jack's Lesson.

"When I am grown up I'm going to keep a country store," said Jack Curtis to his sister Ruth, "and I'll have all I want to eat myself, you see if I don't."

"I am afraid," said Ruth, laughingly, "that there will not be much left to sell if you do. There, you can have just one more chocolate, and that is positively the last you can have. So run on."

Jack took the chocolate, but was not inclined to go.

Ruth was expecting company that evening and was arranging some very tempting home-made candy with which to treat her guests. Jack, who had a very sweet tooth, was watching proceedings wistfully.

"I should think you'd love your own brother more'n you did company," he said reproachfully.

"So I do," answered Ruth, "but you have had all you ought to have now, and all I can spare. Some day you may have a party, and I will make some candy for you. Now you must run down the street and get the yeast-cake mamma wanted."

Jack went off regretfully. When he came back Ruth had finished her arrangements and gone upstairs to dress.

"I just want to look in and see how she has fixed them," said Jack to himself.

He had an impression that it was not a very wise thing to do, but he persisted. How nice they did look!

"I wonder which is the best?" he said. "If Ruth is going to make some for me I ought to know. I'll just take one of each kind; that won't do any harm."

Accordingly Jack helped himself to a chocolate, a cream walnut, a chocolate peanut and a caramel.

There wasn't enough of that peanut to know just how it did taste; and there's some reg'lar peanut candy, I do believe."

After that was gone Jack saw a broken cream walnut. "Ruth would most probably have given it to me if I'd been here when she put it in the dish," he remarked. So he took it; but he would not listen even then to the little voice within which kept saying, "Go away, go away." Suddenly, as he looked around, he realized that the pretty dishes of candy were very much lower than they were.

"I've only just tooked one piece at a time, and it don't seem as if I had had very many pieces," he said.

He began to be very much frightened. Ruth would not like it, and what would mamma say?

He covered the dishes over as he had found them, and went up into the play-room to think it over. He began to feel a little sick presently.

"Maybe I'm going to be real sick," he thought. "Joe Willard has the measles, and mamma said perhaps I'd catch them. If I should be sick and die Ruth would be glad I had that candy, of course. But if I don't be sick, I'm afraid she will scold, and mamma will look at me so sorry, and say, 'Oh. John! how could you do so?' I wish I hadn't gone near the old stuff."

By and by the supper bell rang, but Jack did not go down.

"I—didn't feel hungry," he told mamma when she came in search of him.

Then, after one look at her face, he broke down completely.

"Oh, mamma! don't look so 'shamed and sorry!" he sobbed. "I was dreadful! I know it now, but I didn't think then I was so bad. I just kept taking one at a time, and the first I knew there was lots gone. I'm ever'n ever so sorry, truly I am. Won't you forgive me and love me?"

Of course mamma forgave him freely and lovingly.

"But how about Ruth?" she asked. "You have spoiled her treat for the evening. Ought you not to get some more candy?"

"But I haven't any money," answered Jack, quickly. Then he faltered, as he met mamma's question look, "I—haven't any, only just the dollar Uncle Jack gave me on my birthday."

"Well, I think that will be enough," replied mamma.

"But I don't want to spend my birthday money like that!" exclaimed Jack in dismay. "I won't have anything to show for it; and what will Uncle Jack say?"

"But, my son, you stole Ruth's candy; if you are truly sorry you must do all in your power to make it right."

Jack thought it was pretty hard, but he finally got the money and took it to Ruth. Then he came back to mamma, feeling happier after all.

"I've learned one thing," he said, earnestly, "and that is when Satan's trying to tempt you to do something you ought not to, you must just get out of his way as fast as you can. If you stand 'round and talk with him about it you're a goner."—Kate S. Gates, in Christian Work.

William Dean Howells.

INTERESTING FACTS REGARDING THE EARLY LIFE OF THE NOVELIST.

"Old Ashtabula County," as it is so often called, has been the home of many famous men and not a few as famous women. In Jefferson, on a well-known street, still stands the old home of W. D. Howells, the well-known novelist. It is a low, rambling house, set well back from the street amid grand old trees and beautiful shrubs that in summer delight the eye of the passer-by. They are all the sweet, old-fashioned flowering shrubs that were so dear to his mother and sisters, and which today are the rivals of modern flowers for country-seats. Flowers have their seasons of fashion, and in another century, they, like Howells, will be still admired for their own originality. To his father, William Cooper Howells, the author, owes much of his success in life, for it was as his apprentice in early boyhood that he began his career as a newspaper writer, typesetter and general office boy. His father was interested in several newspapers in Ohio from time to time and his son was always a faithful worker under his instructions. He was a great reader, and always after a hard day's work at the office he would study over his books as though every moment was too precious to lose. His boyhood was a very monotonous one, and he now tries in every way to give children all the pleasure and happiness within his power, remembering his few advantages in his younger days. Howells' daughter, who died a few years ago, was a wonderfully promising writer and a genius with her pencil. She wrote a book, I believe, of poems, and the illustrations were her own. The wife of the novelist Howells is the sister of the famous American sculptor, Larkin G. Mead, and is a bright, beautiful woman.—Providence Journal.

"It is by pictures, music, art and song that all nations have been educated in their adolescence." In a new country these matters are naturally neglected. We can not expect much improvement in the older generation, but with the coming generation must come a love for these better things of life if the nation is to be educated in its best sense. Pictures are being placed in school-houses, and music is taught to the children.

Memorial Notes of Frances E. Willard.

My Life's Greatest Resolve.

Miss Frances E. Willard.

"It was one night in June, 1859. I was nineteen years old, and was lying on my bed in my home at Evanston, Ill., ill with typhoid fever. The doctor had said that the crisis would soon arrive, and I had overheard his words. Mother was watching in the next room. My whole soul was intent, as two voices seemed to speak within me, one of them saying, 'My child, give me thy heart. I called thee long by joy; I call thee now by chastisement; but I have called thee always and only because I love thee with an everlasting love.' The other said, 'Surely, you who are so resolute and strong will not break down now because of physical feebleness. You are a reasoner, and never yet were you convinced of the reasonableness of Christianity. Hold out now and you will feel when you get well just as you used to feel.' One presence was to me warm, sunny, safe, with an impression as of snowy wings; the other cold, dismal, dark, with the flutter of a bat. The controversy did not seem brief; in my weakness such a strain would doubtless appear longer than it was. But at last, solemnly, and with my whole heart, I said, not in spoken words, but in the deeper language of consciousness, 'If God lets me get well I'll try to be a Christian girl.' But this resolve did not bring peace. 'You must at once declare this resolution,' said the inward voice. Strange as it seems, and complete as had always been my frankness toward my dear mother, far beyond what is usual even between mother and child, it cost me a greater humbling of my pride to tell her than the resolution had cost of self-surrender, or than any other utterance of my whole life has involved. After a hard battle, in which I lifted up my soul to God for strength, I faintly called her from the next room, and said, 'Mother, I wish to tell you that if God let's me get well, I will try to be a Christian girl.' She took my hand, knelt beside my bed, and softly wept and prayed. I then turned my face to the wall and sweetly slept."

Mrs. Sturtevant Peet, State Pres W. C. T. U.

Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, D.D.

"She organized a work for women, through women; her brain conceiving the new thought, her heart lending it momentum, her will executing the vast conception. In the beginning she toiled without salary, until she had expended her little store, and came to such straits that for want of car-fare she had to walk to and from her dark, bare office. Soon she set before herself the task of addressing the people in every city in our land that had ten thousand people. When twelve years had passed she had stood before four thousand audiences, a feat surpassed only by Beecher, Gough and Moody. She was largely instrumental in securing the enactment of laws in all the States of the Union except Texas, Arkansas, and Virginia, to introduce physiological temperance and the scientific study of stimulants and narcotics into the curriculum of the common school. For years she was misunderstood; oft was she cruelly criticised; full oft despised and scorned. But at last she has fulfilled her career. She is now with Augusta Stanley and Florence Nightingale, with Mary Lyon and Lucretia Mott and Harriet Beecher Stowe."

Miss Jessie Ackerman, Around the World Missionary W. C. T. U.

Frances E. Willard as an Orator.

These estimates of Miss Willard's oratorical powers are taken from an address by F. W. Gunsaulus, D.D.:

"Her voice had the harmonious swell, the exquisite flexibility, the varied richness, the height and depth, which made her capable at all times of touching into response almost every string of human nature. 'Why, this woman can argue as Evarts does, and she sustains her flight of thought as Evarts can not do without intermiable long sentences,' remarked one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, who presided at one of her meetings. She seemed always to think on her feet and the unfailing continuity of her well-directed reasoning when she had a task to perform with the intellects of men witnessed, not only to the industry and reflectiveness of her mind, but it furnished a marvelous testimony to its solidity and strength. Her wit, which never degenerated into scorn or quivered with a drop of poison, flashed and ofttimes cut deep into the heart of crowned evil or silken pretense. But neither wit nor humor betrayed her into losing the main chance of enforcing her thought and at least making the audience she addressed know the reasons why she held to certain propositions. Her will seemed to gather to itself all the powers of her personality."

Mrs. Dorcas J. Spencer State Cor. Secretary W. C. T. U.

A Tribute to the Memory of Our Queen of Hearts.

Three years this month since our hitherto uncrowned queen and beloved leader of the woman's temperance hosts went up to the heavenly heights to receive her well-earned crown. Three years since the sceptre, which with such majestic yet tender power she wielded over her loyal-hearted, white-ribboned army, dropped from her weary hand and her dauntless spirit, clothed upon with immorality, floated out beyond our vision, to enter into the expansion of being—"the enlargement of life," for which it was so gloriously educated. From our stricken hearts we can but exclaim, "Happy are such exalted ones, for they have penetrated the great mystery!" As their ears grow deaf to the sobbing grief of friends bereft—lo! the rhythmic music of the spheres "sound in their ears and their voices mingle in the sublime harmony." As from our vantage ground, upon the threshold of the twentieth century, we catch the glimpses of the more than fifty years of her beautiful life, we are led to wonder with strong amazement at the marvels which she accomplished; and our eyes are strained with striving to scale the heights of power which she so triumphantly attained.

Mrs. Mary Case Lord, Editor "Ensign."

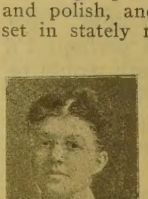
Crowned with these more than mortal gifts and graces, filled with a deathless passion for relieving the suffering of humanity, and a faultless faith in God, Frances Willard compassed land and sea to lay deep the foundations of truth, and to sow with loving hand the seeds of true reform. To this work she literally gave her life, and a rich harvest of golden grain was she permitted to gather ere she went up higher. The end of the harvest is not yet, for many fields are whitening for the sickle and many new laborers are entering, and, as she bade them, they will "go on and on," until the last sheaf is garnered.

If only to read the record of the words and works of this marvelous character has the power to thrill the heart and provoke the eyes to tender tears, how coveted must have been the privilege to be numbered among her personal friends! Those who knew her best loved her most, and ever shall I cherish the few blessed days of privileges which were accorded me to sit beside her at the first State Convention held in Portland, Ore., upon the occasion of her only visit to this Coast, and attempt to record the deliberations of that body; but more especially to catch the gracious words which "strung like pearls on the golden thread of thought," fell from her eloquent lips.

Mrs. Ida Jamison, State Supt. Mother's Meetings.

But why multiply words in the vain attempt to add aught to the fame of her whose shrine is in every woman's heart, and, as one has said, "is the best loved woman in America and the uncrowned of the world"? Let us strive to do our part in eulogizing the work she so nobly began and glorified with the potentiality of ultimate success. Let us bring "stones from the rough quarry," and with faithful ministry, hew, and chisel, and polish, and carve, until each shaft and fluted column is set in stately rows, to beautify, adorn and render permanent the temple which, with full hearts, we purpose to rear to her memory. When this monument of true reform—which includes the closing of all places where evil is made captivating to lure youth and innocence to ruin, and "white lines for two" is the universal rule—reared, in all its magnificent proportions, and it stands forth a "thing of beauty, the joy for the whole earth," then, and not until then, will the followers of Frances Willard rest from their labors, or lay their armor by.

Mrs. Mary E. Cartwright.



Miss Marie C. Brehm, Nat'l Su t. Franchise Dept. W. C T. U.

Booker T. Washington says of Frances Willard: "In her unselfish devotion to a great cause, Miss Frances E. Willard lost sight of sex, races and color, and gave her life freely to the task of making our world better. The Negro race will always keep her memory green in their hearts, and will more and more strive, as the years pass by, to live by the principles she taught."

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JOY OF SOUL-WINNING.

REV. S. O. ROYAL.

Think of the methods of the Master.

1. He was himself consumed with a passion for saving men. The flame in his heart fired his disciples. Leaders must be baptized anew with this fire, and others will catch the blaze.

2. He showed his disciples the largeness and value of the harvest, and the pitiful lack of laborers. Then induced them to pray that laborers be raised up. Then he sent them. Prayer for an object promotes labor to attain it.

3. He declared the satisfaction to be found in laboring for souls. To him it was better than meat for his hunger. One taste of the blessedness of the soul-winner would almost spoil one for the lower and cheaper joys of earth.

God's law must be lived. I have here a music book. The object of this book is to teach and promote vocal and instrumental music. Now, how does this music book teach music? Simply by being studied? Not at all. Suppose a person previously unacquainted with the science and art of music, who has never sung a strain and has no ear for melody, takes this book and commits it to memory, will that make him a musician? He might almost as well swallow the book, and would derive almost as much benefit from it. He must reduce the book to practice. He must make the sounds indicated, or the book is a dead letter to him. Precisely so is it with the Bible, God's law.—Bishop E. O. Haven.

BREVITIES.

The fact that God has no pleasure in the death of the wicked does not infer that he is satisfied with their life.

The "Cornerstone" says: "A government that quarantines smallpox and at the same time licenses saloons, has a loose screw about it somewhere."

God doeth like a printer who setteth his letters backward—we see and feel well the setting, but we shall see the print beyond in the life to come.—Luther.

We should better understand what Christ doth, if we did but better remember what he hath said, and had but the art of comparing them together.—Henry.

"No greater prophet ever lived than John the Baptist." And yet John died in prison, slain to please a dancing girl; and to most people his life seemed a failure. A seeming failure may be a success.

The world says: 'Come to me and I will fill you." The flesh says: "Come to me and I will destroy you." Christ says: "Come to me and I will give you rest."—St. Bernard.

If each man had the spirit of self-surrender, the spirit of the cross, it would not matter to him whether he were doing the work of the mainspring or one of the inferior parts. It is his duty to try and be himself, simply try to do his own duty.—F. W. Robertson.

There are days you can never forget; for they brought you some hard task or terrible trouble. But if you realized that God stood by you, your trial became a mount of vision. How many of us have reason to thank God for the days when darkness opened into glory.

Rheumatism

This disease generally begins with a slight pain in the joints and, if proper treatment is begun in time the agonies that would otherwise follow can be averted. Even in cases that have become aggravated a remedy now exists that promises a certain and lasting cure, as will be seen by the following sworn statement. Mr. Frank Remmelt, 709 McGee Street, Elmira, N. Y., was laid up with rheumatism which resulted from standing, during his work, upon a damp floor. He says:

"About a year ago I was attacked with rheumatism in my feet and legs, chiefly in my legs. They swelled greatly and became very stiff and sore. Whenever I attempted to walk the pain was awful. I had been suffering in this way for about three months when someone handed me a pamphlet advertising Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I read it through carefully and made up my mind to give them a fair trial, for not only was I anxious to be relieved of my sufferings, but I knew that unless I could get relief I would soon have to give up work altogether and this I could not afford to do. I got two boxes at first and by the time the second one was used up I began to feel decidedly better. The swelling was going down, and the stiffness and pain were much less and I found I could get about much better. I got three more boxes and by the time the last of them had been taken I was entirely free from the swelling, the pain and the stiffness. In fact I was cured, and I am glad to say that I have had no return of the trouble since."

(Signed) FRANK REMMELT.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 27th day of June, 1900.

E. SHAY, *Notary Public.*

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post-paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100. Address DR. WILLIAMS MEDICINE COMPANY, Schenectady, N. Y.

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THE PROOF

Here is some sound arithmetic for the pessimist:

In 1840 there were only 3 converts in China.
In 1843 there were 6.
In 1853 there were 400.
In 1863 there were 2,000.
In 1873 there were 7,000.
In 1877 there were 13,000.
In 1883 there were 20,000.
In 1887 there were 35,000.

While in 1898 there were over 100,000 Christians in the great empire of China.

We should less need to put restraint on our thinking. Many a man compliments himself on this resistance of certain evil desires. It would be a greater compliment to say that he had so refused to indulge this first beginnings in voluntary thought that the desires themselves never got headway. No one knows, until he makes a test of it, how much of his mischievous thinking is the result of voluntary, deliberate choosing as an excusable form of self-indulgence.—Sunday-school Times.

An old Jew in Boston, living in the vicinity of a Salvation Army Settlement, brought a gift of $10 to the captain, saying, "I cannot help but see that you are doing good things in this community, and I hope you will keep on."

God never has built a Christian strong enough to stand the strain of present duties and all the tons of tomorrow's duties and sufferings piled up on top of them.—Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

For Dyspepsia

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. T. H. ANDREWS, late of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "A wonderful remedy which gave me most gratifying results in the worst forms of dyspepsia."

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